

COURAGE.

BY JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.

IT is a remarkable fact that the sportsman who comes from the jungle, where he has encountered without a tremor the deadliest animal foes, has been known, upon his return home with the trophies of his prowess, not infrequently to show himself a man who does not dare to oppose the wrong fad of an hour or a popular political belief. England, the nation of sportsmen, gave a strange exhibition of this trait of humanity during the Boer war. But a very few men, at the head of whom stood the prophet W. T. Stead, dared to antagonize the jingo cries. After mobs had smashed the windows in the houses of a few of the most outspoken, there was immediately noticeable throughout England an absence of men who cared to encounter the opprobrium of advocating unpopular justice, and the condemnation of their enthusiastically warlike neighbors—who were quite willing to go in large crowds and make demonstrations against single individuals.

In France during the Revolution, we had another curious phase of courage. There were men, and many of them, who did not dare to set themselves in opposition to the dictates of their class, though they might have saved France by a timely exhibition of their beliefs, who later on marched from the prison to the guillotine with a light-heartedness and insouciance that showed physical courage of the highest type. So confusing are these contradictions, that we come almost to wonder what the word courage really means.

Perhaps its vagaries are best exhibited in that cartoon of "Life" which shows a lion-tamer, who has returned at a late hour and fears to encounter his spouse, going into the cage of the lion for his night's rest, and being discovered presently, the woman looking through the bars and exclaiming, "Oh! you coward!" And this cartoon is founded upon not rare idiosyncrasies of courage.

We then reach a point where we ask ourselves:

Am I a brave man, or am I a coward?

If brave, to what extent, in what direction?

For instance, does my courage extend to the point of telling the truth when I lose advantage by such a course; or do I prove myself a liar through cowardice?

If I see a fellow man drowning, am I sufficiently brave to risk my own life in his rescue?

If I am in a society where an opinion that I hold to be based on truth is vigorously denounced, have I the courage to defend it?

Or do I slink? Slink is a good word, though not a very nice one. It is not pleasant to imagine oneself as a slinker.

And if a fire were occurring in the adjoining house, would I be willing to incur the risks of suffocation in order to rescue a woman who might otherwise perish?—and if I did this, would I on the next day give a smiling assent to the suggestion of my employer that I should vote a ticket which I believed to be not for the best interests of the community?

If I have a long-founded belief, which has been disturbed by argument, am I of that mental caliber which bravely goes to meet a demolition of my views, preferring to encounter a shock to these conceptions? Or do I mentally slink and carefully run away from disturbing thought?

In other words, am I a coward?

True courage is a component part of so many things that it is worth our while to examine.

For instance, no man can be truly a gentleman if a coward. He may have the exterior marks of a gentleman—the veneering—but at heart he lacks, if he lacks courage.

There can be no such thing as true manliness, or true womanliness, if there is a lack of courage.

COURAGE.

Courage is the first component of character.

Courage is an essential of successful business life.

Courage is an essential in the administration of a household—the government of servants. If a mistress is cowardly, her servants quickly discover her weakness and trample upon it.

Courage makes the difference between the clergyman, noble, devoted and useful, and the mere time-server—that most pitiful of professional men, who draws a salary for rendering services to his fellow men and slinks through life avoiding his responsibilities.

Courage not only marks the great editor of a great newspaper, but its absence kills the investment of the stockholders in that newspaper, so subtle is the public mind with reference to the characteristic of courage and so instantly does it discover whether a man set over a great journal to guard the public interest has the courage necessary, or whether he is slinking along trying to avoid every important issue.

Courage equally distinguishes the man in public life and makes of him the personage; or, in its absence, allows him to dwindle into an unrespected obscurity.

Courage in a wife rouses her to meet the greatest emergencies of life. She becomes a heroine in the face of unexpected calamity, before the loss of fortune. It puts her upon a pedestal above the ills and losses of life, where her husband and children may worship; or, for the lack of it, allows her to dwindle into the slattern.

Courage distinguishes the young boy just entering upon his career and marks him out for promotion. He has the courage to stay by duty until performed, to speak the truth, to sacrifice pleasure to his mental and business development.

Courage enables the man in any one of the great stresses which come in life to every human being, to put aside temptation.

It is courage that prompts a man to seek the welfare of his fellow men rather than his own.

Courage—nerve, some young men call it! But that is a less discriminating word.

Yet I do not know of any course on courage that is given in the public schools. I do not know of any text-book on courage. I do not know of any book that has gathered together the great examples of moral courage which have been given to the world by its heroes.

Physical courage we lay stress upon.

Physical courage is told of in books.

But physical courage is so common in form as to be almost unworthy of notice. In some it is a form of hysteria. In a thousand instances it has been known to be a lack of moral courage. The man touching elbows and going unflinchingly into battle, we speak of as exhibiting courage. Yet it may be merely that he fears to incur the criticism of his companions.

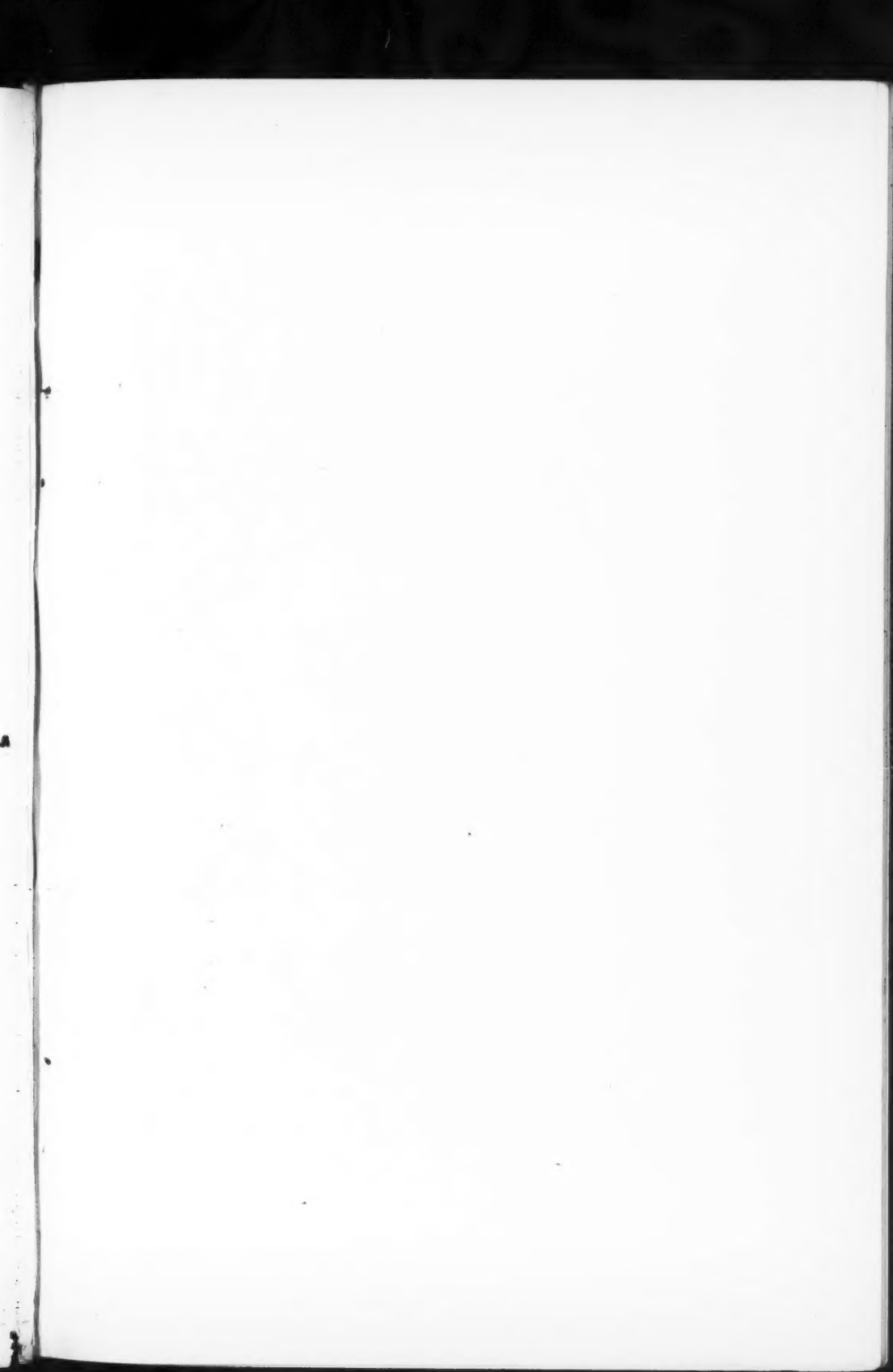
From the "Iliad" down, we have had much talk of this kind of courage. It is trifling. It is unimportant. It means very little. But moral courage—why have we no books which explain to the young the thousand ways in which moral courage may be cultivated, and how much it means in each man's or woman's success?

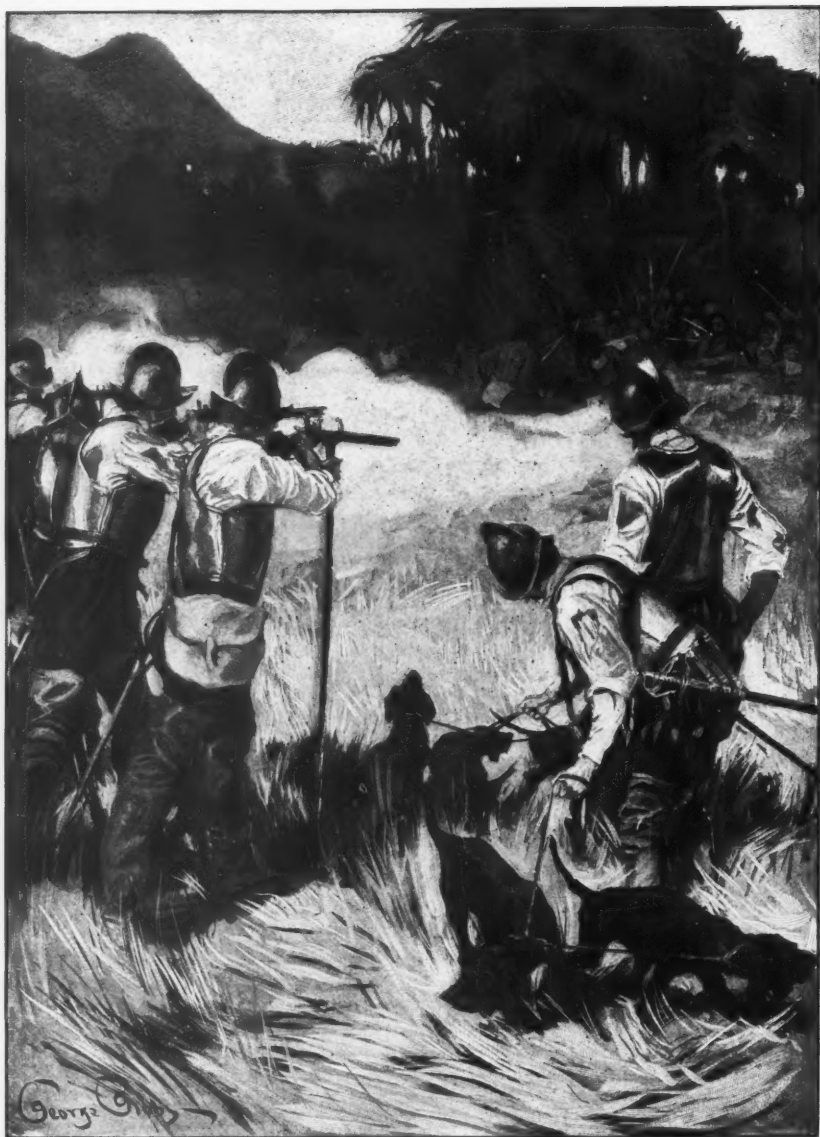
One additional thought in this connection.

Courage gives the man or the woman power to consider facts upon their merits. It is the coward who, in the face of a fact, is side-tracked because the popular, known feeling has been in a certain direction. The man of courage will consider a fact upon its merits. He will investigate. He will analyze and so obtain the truth. And this power of obtaining the truth—truth obtained through a courageous mind—is most valuable in every pursuit of life.

The cowardly mind, standing before opinions heretofore in vogue, is frightened at any temerity of thought, is deterred from investigating; and going into the slough of the commonplace, loses the opportunity for that advance which in modern life means success.

It is not clearly understood how valuable is the adjunct of courage in the man or woman, nor that, if accompanied by good judgment, it is the most valuable of business assets.





Drawn by George Gibbs.

"THE EXPEDITION HAD TO FIGHT ITS WAY THROUGH TRIBES OF WARLIKE AND FEROCIOUS MOUNTAINEERS."

(See "Dramatic History of South America," page 183.)

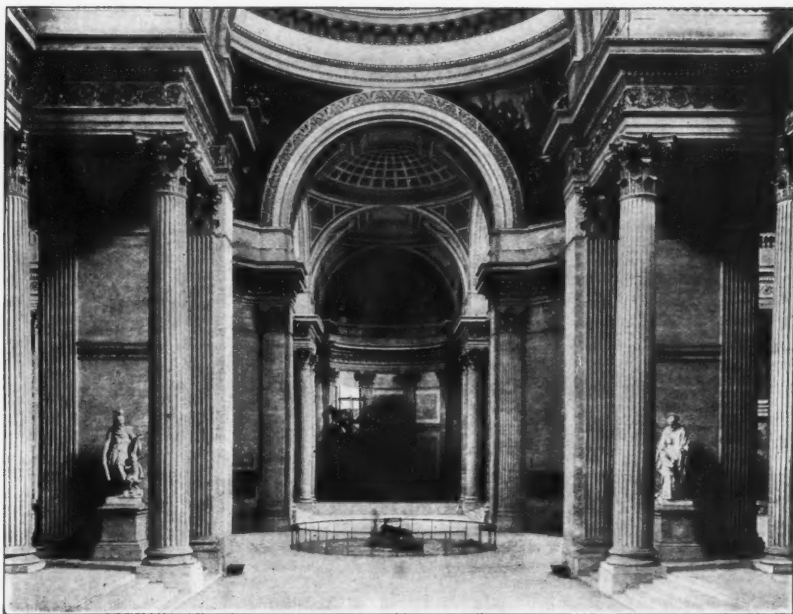
THE COSMOPOLITAN.

From every man according to his ability; to every one according to his needs.

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INTERIOR OF THE PARIS PANTHÉON.

THE PAINTINGS IN THE PARIS PANTHÉON.

BY ALDER ANDERSON.

SHORT as the Rue Soufflot is, it is long enough to lead you from one world to another. At your back is the Boulevard St. Michel, with its noise and bustle; its brasseries, where, from morning till night, students and soi-disant students are to be seen ingurgitating rainbow-tinted liquids; its plate-glass-fronted shops; its interminable procession of jingling tramway-cars, and all the other evidences of "progress." Before you, calm and majestic, rises in silent rebuke the noble dome of the Panthéon.

The contrast is striking. There, feverish unrest; here, stately repose. The sur-

rounding buildings have all a grave, Old-World air, and, for the greater part of the day, the place is almost deserted. Yet around that dome controversy has ever waxed furious. Its history is practically the history of France for the last hundred and fifty years. Now a church, now a temple, according as the clerical party or their opponents have obtained predominance in the state, it has symbolized, in the eyes of both, the grandeur or the decadence of the country. It was originally erected as the result of a vow made by his Most Christian Majesty Louis XV., King of France and of Navarre. Of several bad

kings who had occupied the throne of St. Louis, this was probably the worst; but when, in 1745, he fell grievously sick, his illness was proclaimed and generally believed to be a public calamity. Day and night Paris was on its knees, fervently imploring Heaven to grant that the royal patient might recover. It was on this occasion that Louis received the cognomen of the "Well Beloved." Had he died then, at the comparatively early age of thirty-five, he would have left a much better reputation behind him than he eventually did. But his hour had not yet come; he was destined to do much more mischief in the world and finally to disgust France with the very name of royalty.

Neither to king nor to subject, however, is it given to read in the book of Fate, and the recovery of the crowned debauchee was consequently regarded as a special mark of divine favor. It was supposed to be attributable principally to the intercession of Ste. Geneviève, patron-saint of Paris, always credited with taking a deep interest in the mundane affairs of French princes. To prove his gratitude to the saint, Louis the Well Beloved vowed that he would erect a magnificent temple in her honor. The task was entrusted to Soufflot, a renowned architect of the time, and in due course the Basilica of Ste. Geneviève began slowly to rear its head. It was not completed when Louis received the peremptory summons that even kings must obey. Whether the saint intervened on this occasion or not is unknown; but if she did, her mediation was ineffectual, for Louis was finally gathered to his fathers.

The king's death did not interfere with the building operations, and in the following reign, the shrine containing the mortal remains of the saint, which the Church of Rome had always regarded as one of its most precious possessions, was duly installed with much pomp under the dome of the new basilica. It was a box of massive silver and gold, adorned with precious stones supposed to be of almost inestimable value, and dated from about the middle of the thirteenth century, when the original shrine, constructed at the time of the saint's death, eight hundred years earlier, had almost fallen to pieces from sheer old age.

In a very complete picture of Paris as it was just before the outbreak of the great revolution, Sebastian Mercier, a shrewd and somewhat ironical observer of his contemporaries, refers at some length to Ste. Geneviève. "Heaven forbid," he exclaims, "that I should sneer at Ste. Geneviève, patron-saint for ages past of the capital of France! Humble folk like to reflect that their garments have touched the saint's shrine, pray to her to cure them of their fevers, and then drink of a spring known to possess almost miraculous properties. Members of Parliament, sheriffs, and others of even more exalted rank, entreat Ste. Geneviève to put an end to droughts or to restore sick princes to health. When the patient is at the last extremity, the shrine is uncovered gradually, as if to allow its healing virtues to escape in proportion to the danger; if the need be pressing, the shrine is completely uncovered. Heaven forbid, I say again, that I should sneer at all these honest folk! Many bitter tears have I seen shed, many sobs heard, and groans so deep that I have felt the very depths of my heart stirred. At such moments I have experienced a feeling of sincere respect for a form of religion so well adapted to the very limited intelligence of the vulgar."

But the evolution of ideas was proceeding apace, and even "the vulgar" were soon to be animated by the all-pervading spirit of revolt against the pretensions of the Church of Rome.

In April, 1791, the great orator Mirabeau died suddenly. His cadenced eloquence had charmed and electrified the National Assembly, of which he was so prominent a member. The memory of so unprecedented an orator ought, it was felt, to be honored in an unprecedented manner. It was an epoch when Anglomania had attained its acme in France. To say that any custom was English was equivalent to saying that it was superlatively excellent. England was accustomed to honor her great dead by according them sepulture in Westminster Abbey. Why should not France also have a Westminster Abbey? No sooner was the question formulated, than it was decided that England's example must be followed. The new Basilica of Ste. Geneviève seemed to have been specially



Painted by Joseph Blanc.

VOW OF CLOVIS, KING OF THE SALIAN FRANKS, AT THE BATTLE OF TOLBIAC, 496, TO ADOPT THE GOD OF HIS CHRISTIAN WIFE, CLOTHILDE, IN RETURN FOR VICTORY GRANTED AGAINST THE INVADING ALAMANNI. THIS BROUGHT ABOUT THE FRANKS' CONVERSION TO CHRISTIANITY.



Painted by M. Maillot.

THE BURGESSES OF PARIS, IN PENITENTIAL GARB, CARRYING THE SHRINE OF STE. GENEVIEVE THROUGH THE STREETS TO THE CATHEDRAL, TO OBTAIN THE CESSATION OF A THREE MONTHS' DOWNPOUR OF RAIN, JANUARY 12, 1496.



Executed by M. Lascelles-Darmont from the design of Élie Delaunay.

INVASION OF FRANCE BY ATTILA, KING OF THE HUNS, AND HIS TERRIBLE HORDES, IN 451.
THE "SCOURGE OF GOD" WAS ARRESTED BY A DEFEAT AT CHÂLONS-SUR-MARNE.



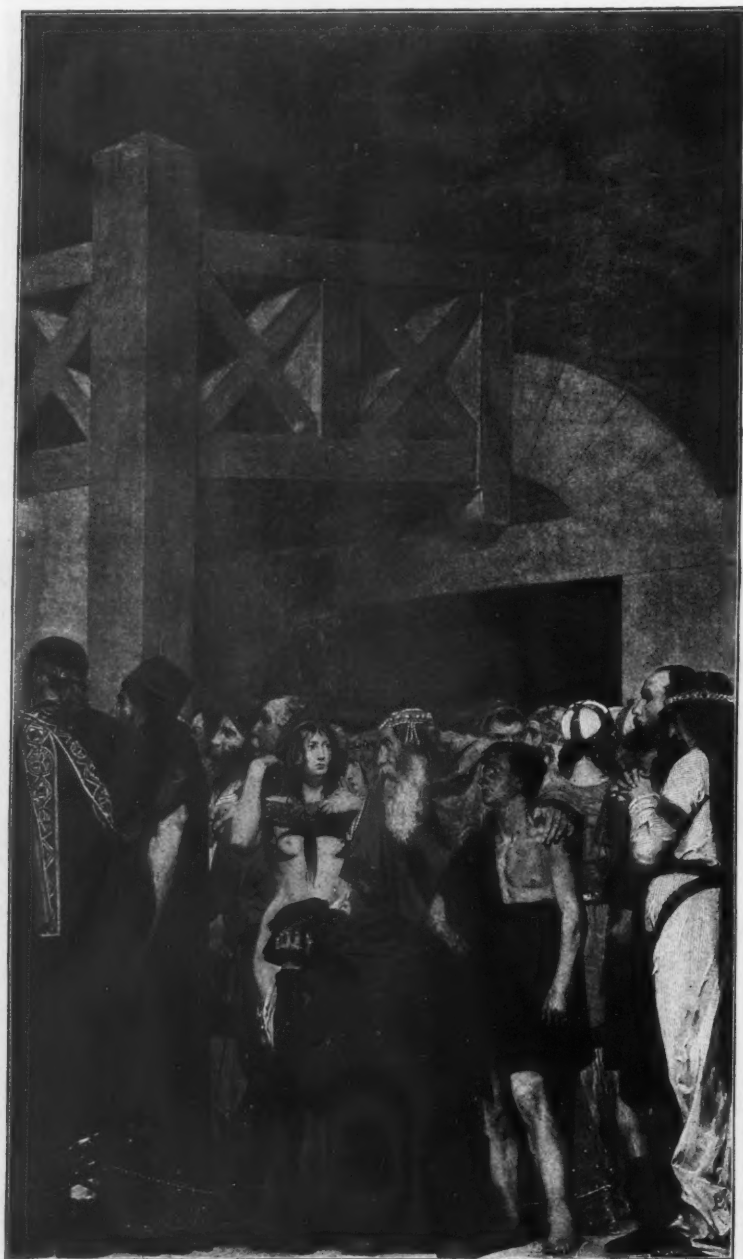
Painted by J. E. Lenepveu.

VISION ANNOUNCING TO JOAN OF ARC HER MISSION TO DELIVER FRANCE
FROM THE ENGLISH RULE, 1428.



Painted by A. Cabanel.

ST. LOUIS A CAPTIVE OF THE SARACENS IN EGYPT, 1250.



Painted by Jean-Paul Laurens.

RIGHT-HAND PANEL OF PAINTING REPRESENTING THE DEATH OF STE. GENEVIÈVE, JANUARY 3, 512.



Painted by Georges Berthoud.

FUNERAL CORTEGE OF PRESIDENT CARNOT IN FRONT OF THE PANTHÉON, JUNE, 1894.



Painted by J. E. Lenegveu.

JOAN OF ARC AT THE CORONATION OF CHARLES VII. IN THE CATHEDRAL AT REIMS, JULY 17, 1429.



Painted by J. E. Lenepveu.

JOAN OF ARC AT THE SIEGE OF ORLEANS, 1429.

constructed for this purpose. By a stroke of the pen the religious character of the edifice was abolished; another stroke and the Basilica of Ste. Geneviève became the Panthéon; still another, and the religious emblems over the portal had given place to the words, "Aux grands hommes, la patrie reconnaissante"—"The homage of a grateful country to great men."

Mirabeau was to be the first occupant of the new temple. His funeral procession, over three miles in length, was made the occasion for a most imposing military and civil display. Lafayette, then at the height of his renown, with his American-won laurels still thick upon him, caracoled at the head of the troops.

Two years later, the monster Marat, the "Friend of the People," was stabbed to death in his bath by Charlotte Corday. The National Convention decreed that he, too, was entitled to the honors of the Panthéon. David, the painter, pronounced a most grandiloquent panegyric on his deceased friend. "Marat," he exclaimed, in the bombastic style of the period, "thy ashes cry aloud for very joy from the depths of the tomb! No longer dost thou regret thy mortal shell, when thou seest the people bearing it to the Panthéon in order to crown thy labors with glory!"

By this time, however, it had been discovered that Mirabeau's attachment to revolutionary principles was merely feigned. The posthumous honors conferred upon him were, therefore, unmerited. The Convention accordingly decided that his body should be removed from the Temple of Fame, and the body of Marat put in its place. This was at the end of 1793.

The newcomer was destined to have even a briefer spell of glory than his predecessor. On the 1st of February, 1795, a popular movement which had been growing against his memory reached its climax. By a preconcerted plan, busts of Charlotte Corday's victim, which had been erected in several theaters and places of public resort, were on that day simultaneously overthrown. The popular fury was assuaged only when the body of the "Friend of the People" had been dragged with ignominy from its resting-place and thrown literally to the dogs.

Two master minds, Voltaire and Rous-

seau, had presided over the intellectual evolution of the century. The mortal remains of both were secured, though not without considerable difficulty, and interred in the vaults of the Panthéon with avowedly pagan rites. There they have remained, and there they are still to-day. In 1806, Napoleon, now controller of the destinies of France, enlisted the sympathies of the church by restoring the Panthéon to its keeping. It was as adroit a stroke of policy as any he ever effected. The civil and religious characters of the edifice were combined, as is more or less the case in Westminster Abbey, and a number of great dignitaries of the empire, among them several Protestants even, were interred in the vaults.

Louis XVIII., Napoleon's successor, had different views, and decided to bestow an exclusively religious and Roman Catholic character on the basilica, and to rededicate it to Ste. Geneviève alone. One important factor, unfortunately, was lacking to do this with success. There was no longer any shrine!

Most of the measures taken by the Revolution had been of a very drastic nature. It had by no means been considered sufficient merely to secularize the basilica. The head and front of the offending, the celebrated shrine, had been too closely associated with the past régime not to be obnoxious to the reformers. It was too tangible and visible an evidence of the tyrannical sway exercised by the church, in collusion with the monarchy, to hope for mercy. During over one thousand years, on all occasions of great national peril the shrine had been carried with imposing ceremony through the streets of Paris, and the populace had been trained to regard its passage with the most abject veneration. The organization of these processions was an affair of state requiring the cooperation of the throne and the Parliament as well as the church. One of the greatest honors a burgess of Paris could aspire to was to be admitted as a member of the corporation, from whose ranks the bearers of the shrine were selected. Great epidemics, too much or too little rain, a foreign invasion or the sickness of the reigning monarch were all among the occasions on which an appeal to the saint might with propriety be resorted



Painted by J. E. Lenepveu.

THE EXECUTION OF JOAN OF ARC, AT ROUEN, MAY 30, 1431.

to. Should the desired result follow within a reasonable time of the procession, it was attributed to the direct influence of Ste. Geneviève, whose prestige increased accordingly. If Fate remained obdurate, some plausible explanation was readily found, and accepted by all but the railers.

Remembering all these facts, it was considered imperative by the Revolutionists that the shrine should be got rid of, and

got rid of it was accordingly, and that in the most effectual manner. Every vestige of it disappeared in the melting-pots of the national mint. From the report drawn up on the occasion, and signed by a number of trustworthy witnesses, it appears that the shrine was by no means so valuable as it had been alleged to be. The soi-disant jewels of inestimable value were merely bits of colored glass. A careful inventory was

made of the contents of the shrine, which included a certain number of human bones. These were burnt by the public executioner on the same spot where the king was to pay with his life for the faults of his predecessors. Everybody was convinced that the last had been heard of Ste. Geneviève's shrine. But it was much too valuable an asset of the church to be suffered to disappear in this way. Like the Phenix, it was to rise again from its ashes.

Careful search was made among the relics in the possession of the different religious communities scattered through the country, and—most opportunely—two or three minute pieces of bone were discovered which, it was declared, had once formed part of Ste. Geneviève's skeleton. A new shrine was forthwith constructed, in which these were enclosed, and this was placed under the dome, on the spot where the former shrine had stood.

But the vicissitudes of the basilica were not yet nearly at an end. Before very long, France sent the Bourbons once more packing, and put Louis Philippe, the head of the other branch of the family, on the throne in their place. One of the new monarch's first acts was to give satisfaction to public opinion by reinaugurating the Panthéon and banishing the shrine to the Cathedral of Notre Dame. There it remained for about twenty years—until, in fact, three years after the time when Louis Philippe in turn received notice to quit. Napoleon III., the next ruler after the brief interregnum, was no sooner in power than he hastened to reverse Louis Philippe's action, and rechristened the Panthéon the Church of Ste. Geneviève. "The religious pomp displayed on this occasion was of the most imposing character. In his pastoral address, the Archbishop of Paris attributed all the misfortunes of France to the infamous treatment accorded by the capital to her patron-saint. The new ruler was assured that the fall of Louis Philippe was to be traced directly to his conduct in this respect, and to no other cause.

Alas for the cogency of this archiepiscopal reasoning! Two more decades had not elapsed before Napoleon III. was himself dethroned and an exile. If the good archbishop could argue that Louis Philippe lost

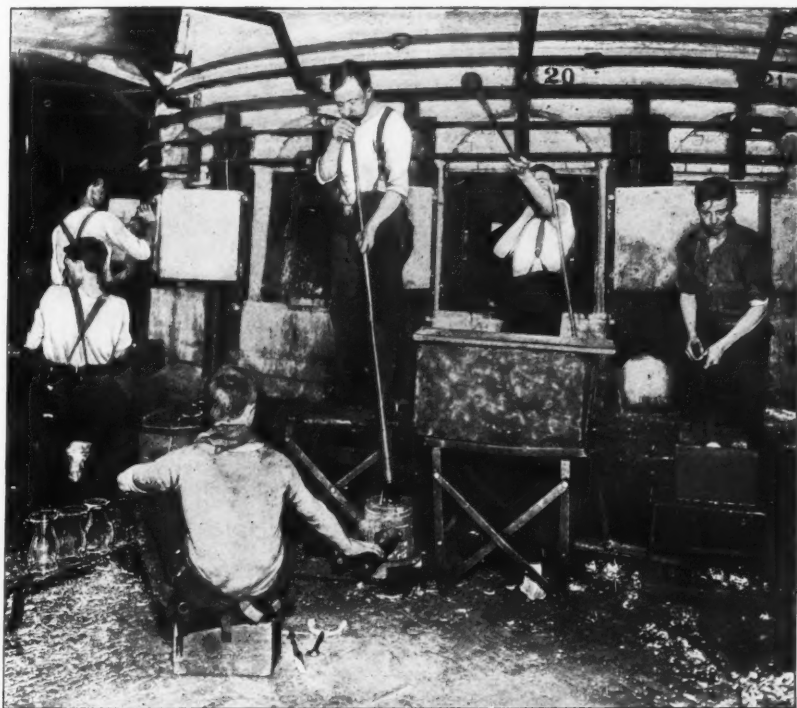
a kingdom by reason of his want of faith, the anticlericals with equal propriety could maintain that his successor lost an empire by an excess of the same quality.

Once more, after the consolidation of the power of the present republic, the edifice was secularized and the name of the Panthéon rebestowed upon it. The first great man to be accorded sepulture in its vaults was Victor Hugo, whose funeral, in 1884, will long be remembered as one of the most impressive solemnities of modern times. President Carnot was also buried in the Panthéon.

As for the shrine of Ste. Geneviève, it was removed to the ancient Church of St. Étienne du Mont, in the immediate vicinity. There it has remained ever since.

Everything possible has been done by the present régime to enhance the prestige of the Panthéon and render it a worthy monument to the élite of the nation's genius. The splendid paintings that adorn the walls are all signed by the greatest names in modern French art. No attempt has been made to cripple the genius of the artists by insisting on a too rigid interpretation of the secular spirit that would exclude every incident however remotely connected with the original destination of the edifice. Thus it is that incidents in the legendary lives of several saints, including that of Ste. Geneviève, the shepherdess of Nanterre, herself, have been depicted, as well as the more modern and better authenticated facts of Joan of Arc's story. Civic virtue and magnanimity of soul are not the exclusive appanage of any age, sect or nation, and even the fables of mythology are frequently cited "to point a moral or adorn a tale."

Latterly, the secular character of the Panthéon has been still further accentuated by the installation, under the dome, of Foucault's pendulum, the movements of which demonstrate the revolution of the globe. The great battle-piece with which Detaille, the painter of the world-famous "*Le Rêve*," is, even as I write, filling up the only vacant space on the walls, gives to the edifice the exact touch of modernity that was required to balance the archaic character of the rest of the decorations, and thus to link it with the living forces of the nation.



BLOWING AND MOLDING LAMP-CHIMNEYS IN A MODERN GLASS-FACTORY.

GREAT INDUSTRIES OF THE UNITED STATES.

I.—GLASS-MAKING.

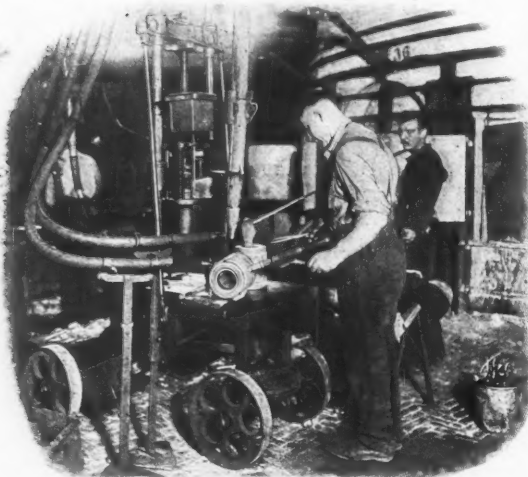
BY WILLIAM R. STEWART.

IN 1827, a carpenter of Sandwich, Massachusetts, wanting a piece of glass of a particular size and shape, conceived the idea that the molten metal could be pressed into any form, much the same as lead might be. Up to that time all glassware had been blown, either offhand or in a mold, and considerable skill was required and the process was slow. The glass manufacturers laughed at the carpenter, but he went ahead and built a press, and now the United States is the greatest pressed-glassware country in the world.

In 1890, a novice in the plate-glass industry, Henry Fleckner, of Pittsburg, whose only knowledge of glass had been acquired in a window-glass factory, invented

an annealing "lehr," the most important single improvement ever introduced in plate-glass manufacture. In three hours by the lehr the same work is done which under the old kiln system required three days. In four years, the importations of foreign crown and plate glass into the United States fell in value from two million dollars to two hundred thousand.

About the same year, Philip Argobast, of Pittsburg, also a novice in glass-making, invented a process by which bottles and jars may be made entirely by machinery, the costly blow-over process being avoided and the expense of bottle-making reduced one-half. The result has been that more bottles and jars are used in a month now



MAKING PRESSED-GLASS WARE: FILLING THE MOLD.

than in twelve months ten years ago.

These revolutions made in three important branches of glass-making by the inventions of men whose practical knowledge of the art was small, have brought about a development of the glass industry which is significant of a new idea in organization. This is a recognition of the importance of experiment in the general scheme of manufacture, and of the value of purely experimental plants as adjuncts to the main enterprise.

The manufacturer who considers only the present is likely soon to have no present to consider. In an age when successful industry needs to have yoked to its wheels not only the best applied science, but also the genius of new ideas, improved methods and far-seeing plans for development, the part of the experimenter is an important one. At least two of the principal glass-manufacturing concerns of the United States now maintain large experimental factories, where tests of new inventions are constantly being made.

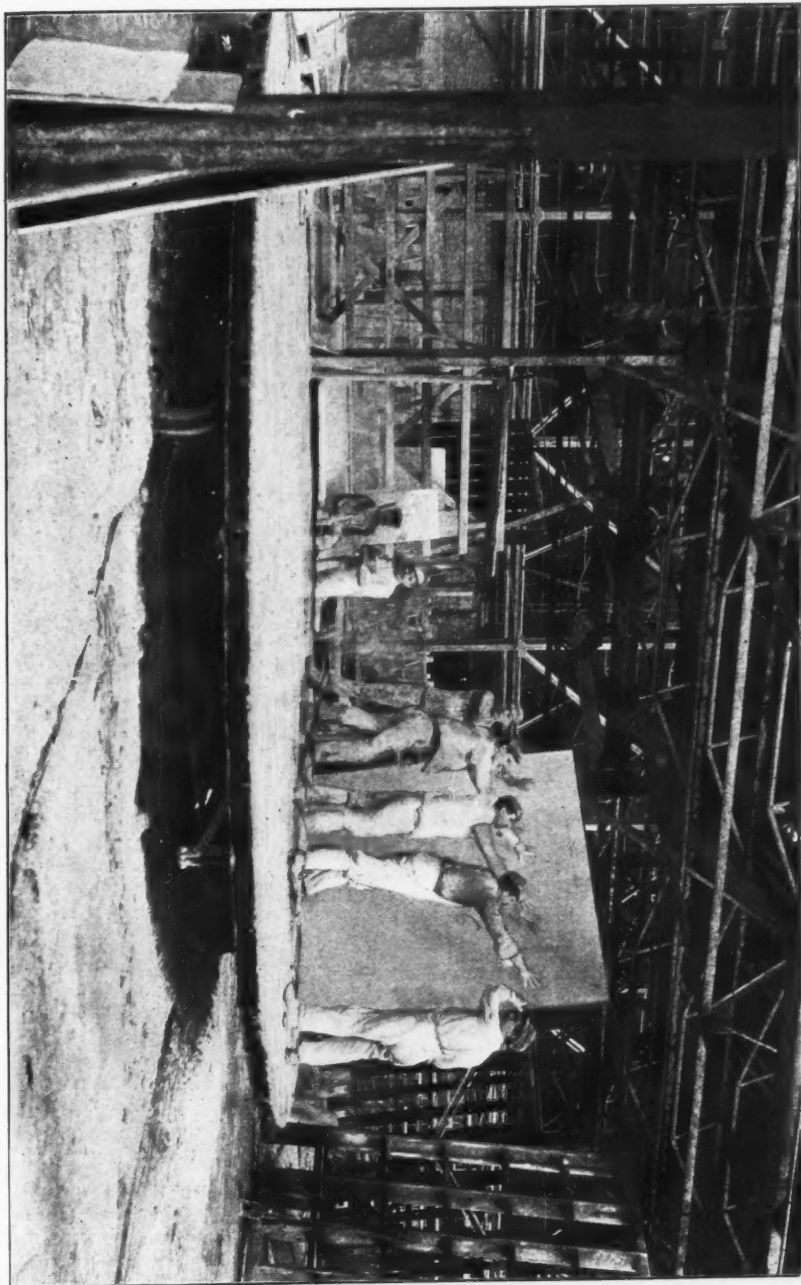
The preeminence of the United States in glass-making has been coexistent with the history of the industry here, for the first manufactory erected in America by the English colonists was a glass-works at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1608. In the following year, some of the products formed a part of the first cargo of goods ever exported from this

country. The output of this first factory probably consisted exclusively of bottles, with perhaps a few beads for the Indians. But it speedily fell into decay, and it was not until the erection of a large factory at Pittsburg, in 1797, where coal instead of wood first was used for fuel, that glass-making in America began its career as an important national industry. Now Pittsburg is the greatest glass city in the world.

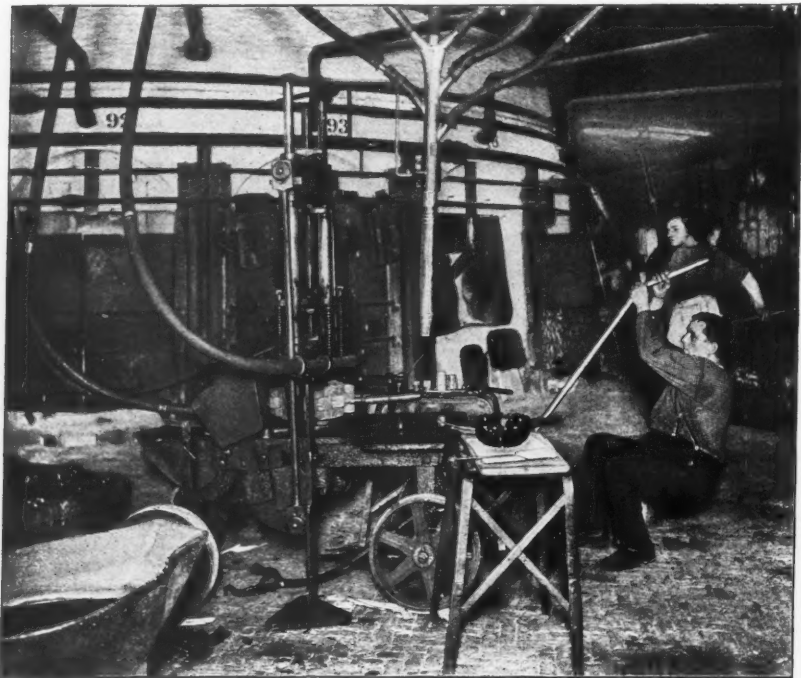
Successive improvements in glass-making machinery, and the use of natural gas for fuel, have not only given a better product at greatly less cost, but have made possible the carrying out of operations on a scale hitherto undreamed of. In plate and window glass the product is now measured by the square mile where formerly it was reckoned in feet; hollow ware, by the ton instead of in pound lots. With the more complete organization of the industry, it has become no longer necessary that the great glass-factories should be a gradual evolution from smaller plants. The progress of industrial analysis has reached the point where the most extensive works may spring up at once, fully equipped and with all the requirements of successful operation, wherever the necessary conditions are found.

There are at the present time about four hundred active glass-making establishments in the United States, with a capital of about seventy million dollars. Half a century ago, there were ninety-five establishments, whose combined capital did not reach three and a half millions. Sixty-five million dollars was the value of the glass product of the country last year; four million six hundred thousand the value fifty years ago, when glass cost twice as much.

Large consolidations of interests have been a feature of the glass as of all other industries in recent years. At present two-thirds of the aggregate capitalization of all



"LAYING" GANG PLACING A SHEET OF PLATE GLASS ON A TABLE TO BE GROUNDED.



PRESSING A NAPPY: SAMPLE OF DISH ON THE TABLE.

the glass-making concerns in the United States is divided among five corporations, all having their central offices located in Pittsburg. These corporations are: the American Window Glass Company, the Pittsburg Plate Glass Company, the Macbeth-Evans Glass Company, the National Glass Company and the United States Glass Company. Between them they control ninety-two separate plants. The Edward Ford Plate Glass Company, of Ohio, is a large independent concern.

An interesting outcome of the consolidations is disclosed in reports made to the census authorities dealing with salaried officials and wage-earners. From these it appears that during the ten years from 1890 to 1900, during which the consolidations were effected, the number of salaried officials, clerks, et cetera, employed by the glass companies increased from 1,095 to 2,268, or more than one hundred per cent., and their salaries increased from \$1,232,561 to \$2,792,376, also more

than one hundred per cent. On the other hand, the number of wage-earners (laborers) was greater in 1900 by only about seventeen per cent., being 52,818 as compared with 44,892 in 1890. The increase in laborers' wages was about thirty per cent., being \$27,084,710, as against \$20,885,961 in 1890.

Pennsylvania has long held first place as a glass-manufacturing state, producing last year twenty-five million dollars' worth of glass articles. Indiana ranks second, with fifteen millions, and then, after a long interval, come New Jersey, Ohio, Illinois and New York.

Not in all the long list of modern industries is there another which affords so many novel scenes as glass-making. Within immense buildings, where the heat in the furnaces sometimes reaches the inconceivable intensity of twelve thousand degrees, and in the draft created by hundreds of huge machine-fans and great openings in the sides of the buildings, thousands of

employees work busily, with scarcely any clothing above the waist, guiding the great vessels of molten metal, operating the myriad machines, twirling the glowing glass on the ends of blow-pipes and trundling the finished product into the packing-

till they reopen in the fall. The furnaces which are built to withstand this tremendous caloric pressure would put to shame the hottest creations of Nebuchadnezzar the king. They are constructed of the best fire-brick, especially manufactured, the



BLOWING AND MOLDING BOTTLES: BOY WITH SHEARS READY TO SNIP OFF THE TOP.

and shipping-rooms of the establishment.

Twelve thousand degrees of heat! Sixty times as hot as the temperature of boiling water! It is little wonder that the glass-works are shut down during many weeks every summer and that no glass is made

walls being from two to three feet in thickness and bound about, to keep them the more solid, with great bands of iron. Over the furnace a fire-proof arch is built, and everywhere in the factory fire-proof materials are used in construction. Only in the

packing-rooms are combustible substances allowed.

The basis of all glass is *silex*, or flint, and an alkali, both of which are opaque bodies which when fused together become translucent. The *silex* is furnished by sand, whose principal constituent is silica, the oxide of silicon. Silica will, when in contact with substances of an opposite character, unite with them, under suitable conditions, such as are furnished by intense heat, and form a salt. The well-known story of the discovery of glass by Phenician merchants who rested their cooking-pots on blocks of natron and found glass produced by the union under heat of the alkali and the sand of the shore, is consistent so far as it takes account of the chemistry of glass, but scarcely to be believed on the score of the possibilities of sufficient heat from the Phenicians' fire.

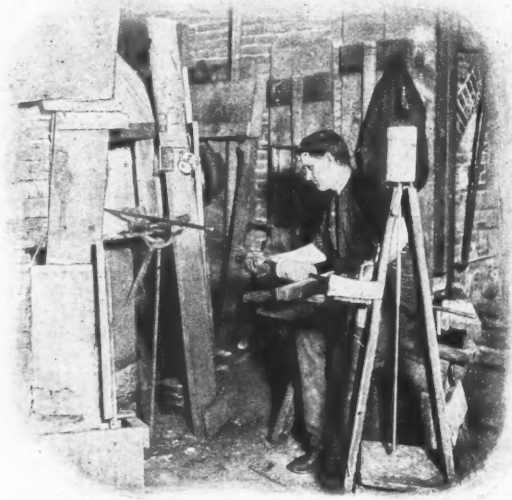
The alkalis commonly used in the manufacture of glass are the salts of soda or potash and lime, with sometimes the oxide of lead (*litharge*) taking the place of the lime. Instead of the salts mentioned, *barilla*, kelp or wood-ash may be used to make inferior grades of glass. Coarse or fine sand is employed, according to the variety of glass required. Glass sand in practically inexhaustible quantities is found

in many parts of the United States, but the chief sources of the supply are in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Illinois and Missouri.

The ingredients of the several kinds of glass vary, but the substances which form the essential basis of all the varieties are: (1) silica, as the acid element; (2) soda or potash, as the alkaline base, and (3) lime and oxide of lead, as the alkaline earths. As illustrating the different proportions in which the ingredients of glass are mixed in forming the different kinds, the following may be given as the composition of three varieties: Flint glass—sand, three parts; red-lead, two parts; carbonate of potash, one and one-half parts; a little saltpeter and an oxidizing agent. White window-glass—sand, fifty parts; dry sulphate of soda, twenty-five parts; powdered quicklime, nine parts, and charcoal, two parts. Green bottle-glass—sand, ten parts; kelp, three to four parts; lixiviated wood-ashes, three to four parts; potter's clay, eight to ten parts, and cullet, or broken glass, ten parts.

In the actual making of glass the ingredients are first thoroughly mixed, the mixture, or "batch," then being put into pots—or, as is generally the method now, into one great tank—and placed in the furnace.

A continuously high temperature is then necessary to the perfect fusion and amalgamation of the ingredients. Any scum that may rise to the top in the process of making is skimmed off with iron ladles, when the molten glass appears colorless and translucent. The temperature of the furnace is then gradually lowered till the glass becomes of the consistency of a paste, just soft enough to be shaped without risk of cracking. This process of vitrification usually requires from forty-eight to seventy-two hours. Glass is colored

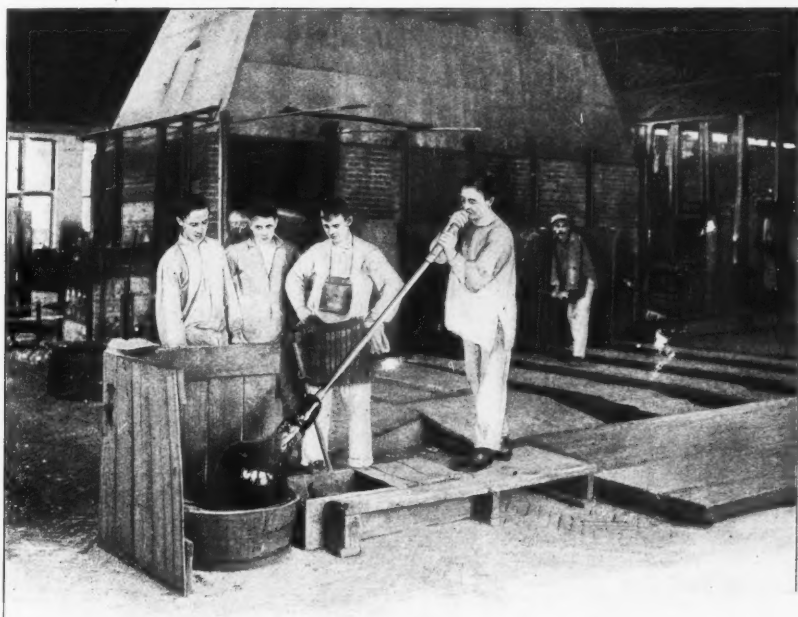


FINISHING BOTTLES BY HAND.

when in its molten state by an admixture with metallic oxides. For green or yellow, oxide of iron is used; for purple and black, black oxide of manganese.

The tanks, or pots, in which the glass-mixture—"batch"—is the technical term—is melted are made of the best obtainable fire-clay, which is known as pot-clay. Until recently, German clay was thought the best for this purpose, but here again the American manufacturer has been made independent of foreign supply, for large deposits of the clay have been found in Pennsyl-

tips of the blow-pipes, crawls like a dying serpent over the floor, slower and slower, as it cools and hardens. And everywhere the partially naked workmen, pushing steaming tanks along lines of rails or swinging their pipes with balls of glowing glass at the ends, the mold-boys working the molds or carrying away the product in their snaps, the choked roar of the furnaces, the bubbling of pots and tanks, the hot breath of the unseen fires, give to the glass-factory the semblance and some of the reality of a miniature inferno.



FIRST PROCESS OF MAKING WINDOW-GLASS: BLOWING THE BALL.

vania, Missouri, and some other states, which excel in quality the German article. Strangely enough, the only successful method which has yet been learned for mixing this clay preparatory to making the pots is by constant treading by bare-foot workmen.

There is a strange uncanniness about melted glass which forms one of the first impressions that a visitor to the works obtains. The viscous, translucent substance sputters and flows in the pots and molds, squirms like a thing alive impaled on the

The greatest advance which American glass manufacture has made in recent years is the substitution of the tank for the pot-furnace for melting purposes. In the glass-melting furnace the "batch" to be melted is exposed to the action of the flame, but not to contact with the burning fuel. In the old pot-furnaces, the method was to place a number of melting-pots, each with a capacity for about a ton of metal, immediately inside the furnace wall. The mixed raw material was then filled into them through an opening in the side of

the furnace opposite each pot. After the melting process was completed, the glass was gathered from the pots through the same openings. In the tank-furnace, pots are entirely dispensed with, and the glass melted and held on the hearth of the furnace itself, the flame sweeping across its surface.

The continuous tank is divided into three compartments. Into the first the "batch" is shoveled to be melted. As the "metal" is formed, it runs through a hole at the bottom into the second compartment, where it is refined and passes along to the third, from which it is taken out to be used. By the tank the supply of melted glass thus is maintained continuously, which was not the case with the pots. Everywhere these great tanks are now being installed, supplanting the older appliances.

The use of gas for fuel, instead of coal, is another of the chief improvements of modern glass-making, effecting a saving in cost of fuel of fully fifty per cent., reducing the time required to melt, improving the quality of the glass and lengthening the life of the tank. Gas fuel also has made possible the carrying out of operations on a scale before undreamed of. The discovery a few years ago of large natural gas-wells in Pennsylvania and Ohio gave a tremendous impetus to glass-making in those states, and the "boom" growth of a number of the towns where glass-factories were established forms one of the industrial fairy-tales of the country.

In the method of heating the gas-fired furnace of the glass-works, there is illustrated so strikingly the modern trend to utilize in some manner every waste product, that it is worth mentioning here. In these furnaces air and gas flues rise vertically at either end and terminate in ports at or below the hearth level. The waste gases pass out through a series of thin-walled flues, while the incoming air is admitted

through a second series of thin-walled flues, and coming in contact with the first, absorbs the waste heat. Still another method of making waste heat serve a useful purpose is to convey it by a series of flues so as to heat the hot-water system of the entire plant.

There are four general forms which manufactured glass is made to assume, and which divide the industry of glass-making into its special departments. These are flat glass, hollow glass, pressed and massive glass, and colored, opaque and enamel glass. The means by which the melted mixture is given its various forms are: (1) by casting, (2) by blowing and (3) by pressing in molds, in which latter operation the other two processes may be partly employed.

Under the classification of flat glass come plate, sheet and crown glass, the latter two being the same in composition. It was not until 1879 that plate glass could be manufactured at a profit in the United States. In that year, the domestic production was about seven hundred thousand square feet, and the importations from Europe five million feet. Last year, the plate-glass consumption of the United States exceeded twenty-two million square feet, of which the imports from Europe amounted to only a million. Not only have American plate-glass manufacturers



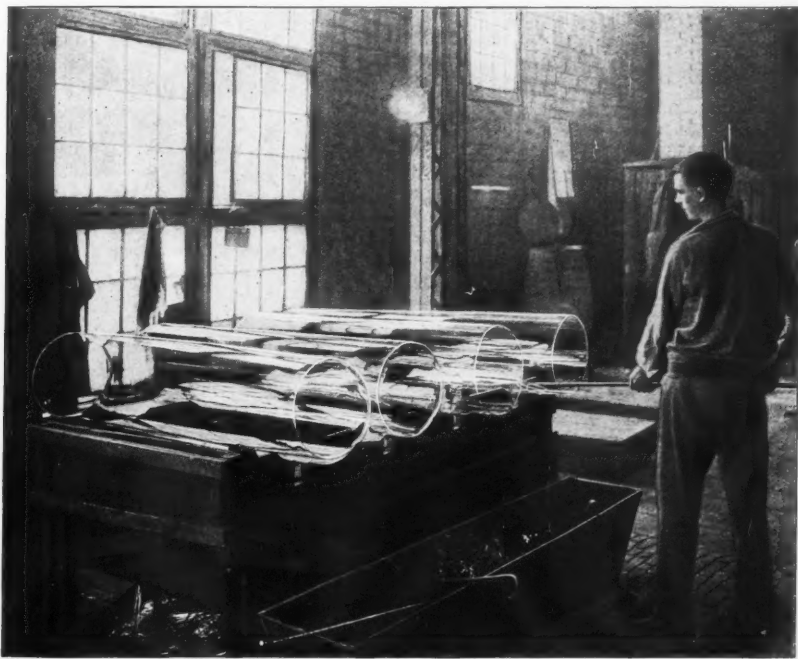
HANDLER PUTTING HANDLE ON A PITCHER.

supplanted foreign makers here, but a considerable industry in exports has already been established. This result has been attained in spite of the fact that the average of wages paid in plate-glass manufacture in the United States is about two hundred per cent. higher than in England, and three hundred per cent. higher than in Belgium.

The principal great plate-glass manufactories of the United States are located in Pennsylvania and Indiana. Their estimated capacity is thirty-five million square feet a

as it revolves. The roller thus determines the thickness of the glass by the height at which it is made to roll above the table. The width of the plate is determined by two metal plates bolted in front of the roller.

When the molten, semifluid mass is poured on the table, the roller and the plates, moving forward, carry in front of them all except the uniform layer which represents the distance between the roller and the table. As the glass does not instantly solidify, the surface of the plate



MAKING WINDOW-GLASS: CRACKING OPEN THE CYLINDERS.

year, and some remarkable specimens of large plate glass are made to meet special orders.

In the making of plate glass, the melted material is poured upon a great, flat table of cast iron. At one end of the table is a heavy iron roller, which, by means of spur-wheels working into gearing along the sides, is fitted to roll the whole length of the table. Narrow strips of metal, of the thickness required in the plate glass, are placed along the edges of the table, on which the two extremities of the roller bear

is apt to assume a wavy, uneven appearance, and later on has to be ground and polished. As soon as the plate has sufficiently solidified to bear moving, it is taken to the annealing furnace.

All glass, after it has been shaped, must be annealed. The minute particles of the glass, after it leaves the furnace and after it has been shaped, take a long time to arrange themselves, and when cooled in that condition the glass is very brittle, a result of the unequal expansion. To render it less liable to breakage, the glass is annealed,



GRINDING FINE CUT-GLASS WARE.

that is, reheated to a certain degree and then allowed to cool gradually and contract uniformly.

Annealing now is accomplished by means of an oven called a "lehr," the successful introduction of which constitutes the principal improvement in plate-glass manufacture during the past decade. The lehr, which is a long, low, arched structure, twelve or fifteen feet high and two hundred feet long, is divided into several stations, the temperature in the first being near to the melting-point. The second station, into which the plate in due time passes, is cooler, and thus through diminishing temperatures it is carried till it is

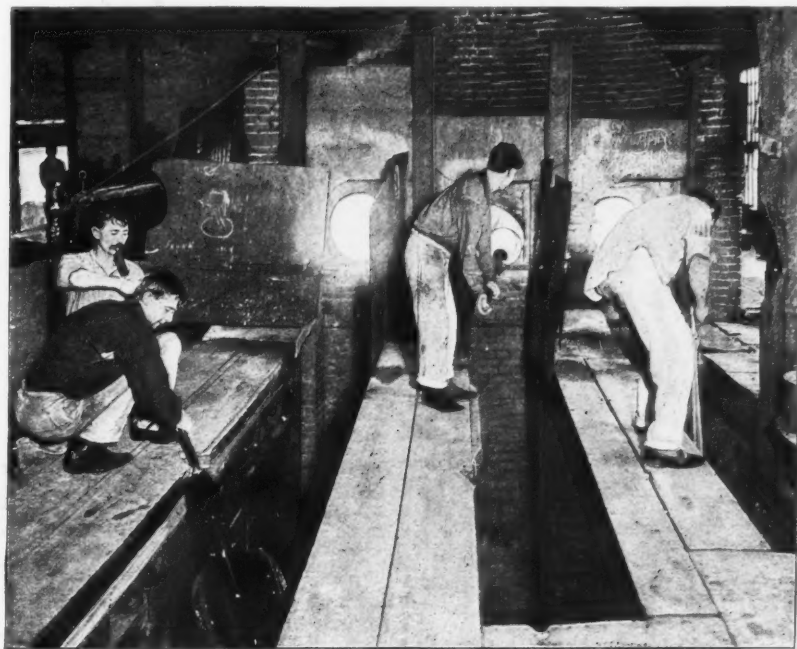
taken out ready for grinding three hours afterward. Under the old kiln system, where the glass had to await the gradual cooling of the oven in which it had been placed, three days were required for the annealing process.

After being annealed, the plates have a rough undulating surface, and though the glass is perfectly pure they have, owing to their unevenness, no transparency. Before the latter quality can be obtained, the glass has to be ground and polished. Grinding is accomplished on a large table which revolves continuously by machinery. The plate of glass is placed on the table, and a stream of sharp sand and water

plays steadily from a series of hoppers, grinding down the uneven surface. When comparative smoothness has been obtained, fine emery-powder is substituted for the sand, and the final polishing is accomplished with a wooden cushion on which is a little hydrated oxide of iron. The cushion is attached to a handle which is driven by a machine.

Sheet glass, the kind used for windows, is made by an entirely different process

end of it. This lump, weighing from twenty to twenty-five pounds, is blown into a pear shape by the man with the blow-tube, and then is rolled on a smooth marble or iron slab, called a marver. The workman then reheats the cylindrical mass, and swings it from side to side over his head, reheating it as often as necessary, until it is drawn out to a true cylinder having a length of fifty or sixty inches and a diameter of twelve or fifteen inches, one end being closed and the other having the



MAKING WINDOW-GLASS: BLOWING THE CYLINDERS.

from plate glass, and involves two principal operations, blowing and flattening. During the past ten years, a great improvement has been made in the manufacture of this kind of glass in the United States, by the introduction of the continuous tank-furnace for melting the crude materials.

In the first operation of making sheet glass—blowing—the end of a blow-tube five or six feet long is dipped into the metal (cooled, after heating, to the required consistency) and, by a twisting motion, a lump of doughy metal is gathered at the

blow-pipe attached to it. The cylinder is then again heated in the furnace, the cool end of the blow-pipe closed with the finger, and the hot, expanding air within the glass cylinder bursts the heated end, which then is reduced while hot with an iron tool to the diameter of the rest of the cylinder.

By drawing a thread of hot glass around the shoulder of the cylinder and making a crack by applying a cold iron, the cylinder is easily detached from the blow-pipe. It then is scratched internally with a diamond, and placed in a flattening kiln, being



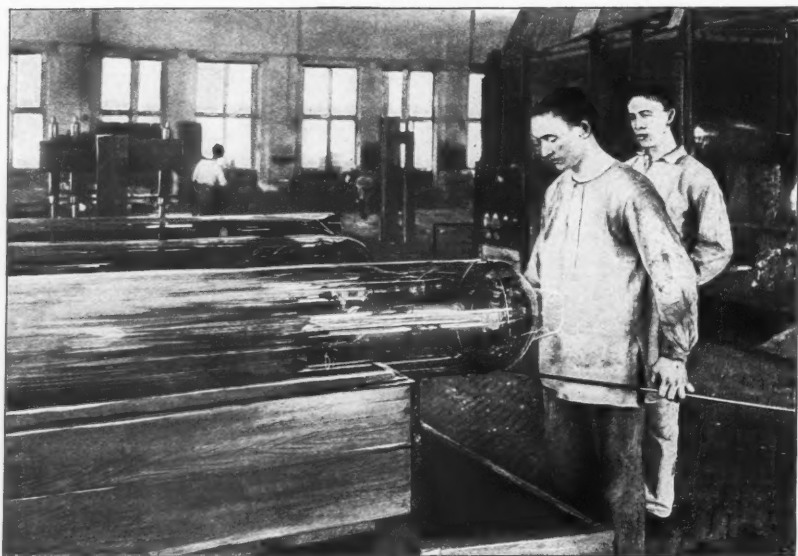
GRINDING A TUMBLER.

opened out where soft with wooden tools along the line which had been scored by the diamond. Under the influence of the heat, the glass flattens out on the smooth floor of the kiln. Curved sheet glass is formed

by substituting for the flat floor of the kiln smooth blocks of iron having surfaces curved to the desired shape. The glass to be bent is placed upon the curved blocks in the furnace while the latter is cold.

The tanks in which the "batch" is melted for making sheet glass are from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet in length, about thirty feet wide and four or five feet deep. Sixty million square feet of glass are made every ten months in a single window-glass factory in Pennsylvania. So far, practically the entire process of manufacture requires skilled hand-labor, but efforts are being made to perfect a mechanical process which will do the work of the gatherer and blower, and at least the small sizes of window-glass will soon be made by machinery.

For many years, bottles and jars were made in connection with window-glass from the same furnace. Specialization, however, is the prevailing characteristic of glass-making, and now not only do the same establishments not make both window-glass and bottles, but the tendency is to restrict the output



MAKING WINDOW-GLASS: CAPPING OFF THE CYLINDERS.



MAKING PLATE GLASS: DRAWING POT OF "METAL" FROM FURNACE, TO BE CAST.

of each bottle-factory to a particular kind of bottle.

In no branch of the glass industry has the employment of machinery made so great a change as in bottle and jar manufacture. Five or six years ago, the method by which wide-mouth ware was made was to gather the melted glass on a blow-pipe, form it tentatively on a marver, then insert the glass in a mold and blow to the required shape. After the glass was separated from the blow-pipe, a ragged edge remained attached to the article, called the "blow-over," which had to be chipped and then ground off by a grinding-machine. Afterward, the jar, or bottle, had to receive a thorough washing by hand to remove particles of broken glass and of sand. By the use of machinery, the "blow-over" now is avoided by first pressing the neck of the article to the exact form it will have when finished and then forming the body by blowing. In this way, when the jar or bottle leaves the blow-mold to be annealed, it is, so far as form is concerned, complete.

A press-mold and a blow-mold are employed in this operation, both molds being combined into one by the use of sliding parts. Sufficient glass to make the desired article is taken from the furnace on a solid rod, called a "pundy," and dropped into the press-mold. A lever, operated by the workman, then brings down a plunger into the mold, which presses the neck of the bottle to finished form and also presses a cavity of wind into the rest of the mass of glass to aid in the operation of blowing. The mold then is opened, the ring enclosing the pressed neck transferred to the blow-mold and the body of the article blown to the form desired. Compressed air for blowing and electricity for motive-power have added much to the speed of the operation, and the entire cost of bottle- and jar-making reduced fully one-third.

The raised letters which appear on bottles and jars are hollowed out in the mold. In the same way designs of animals, trees, flowers, et cetera, may be made to appear on the finished article. The raised designs

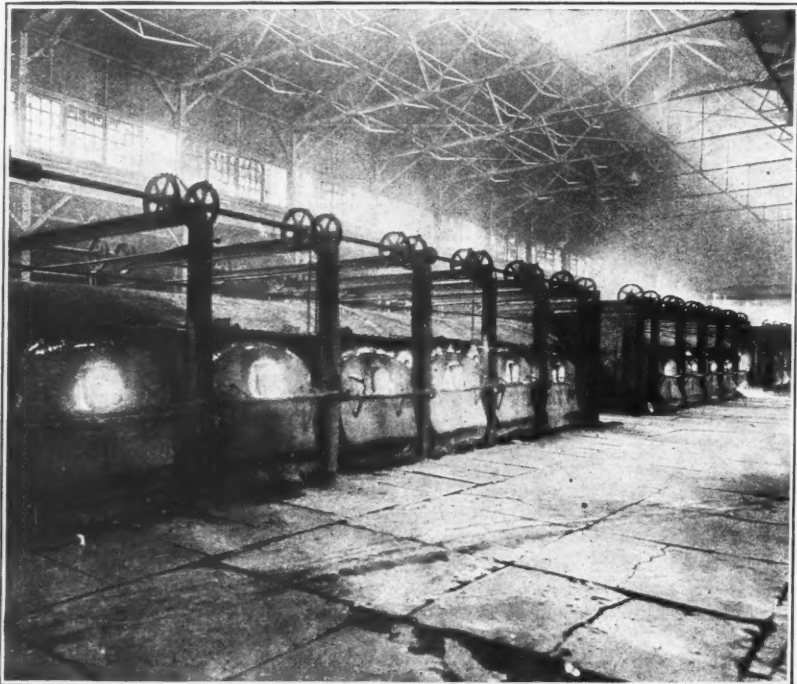
which appear on pressed tableware are similarly conveyed by depressed designs in the mold. In the case of bottles to which it is desired to add designs in colored glass, the latter is first shaped by a hand stamp or die and then, after being heated, affixed to the bottle while the latter also is plastic.

An idea of the extent and growth of the industry in glass jars and bottles in the United States may be gained from a few figures. According to the census of 1900, there were twelve hundred million bottles of all sorts manufactured in that year in the United States. Taking eight inches as an average of length of all the bottles made, there were enough to go, end to end, three times around the circumference of the earth. The number of fruit jars alone was eight hundred thousand gross. The largest fruit-jar factory in the world is in Indiana, and its daily capacity is twenty-four thousand jars, all machine-made.

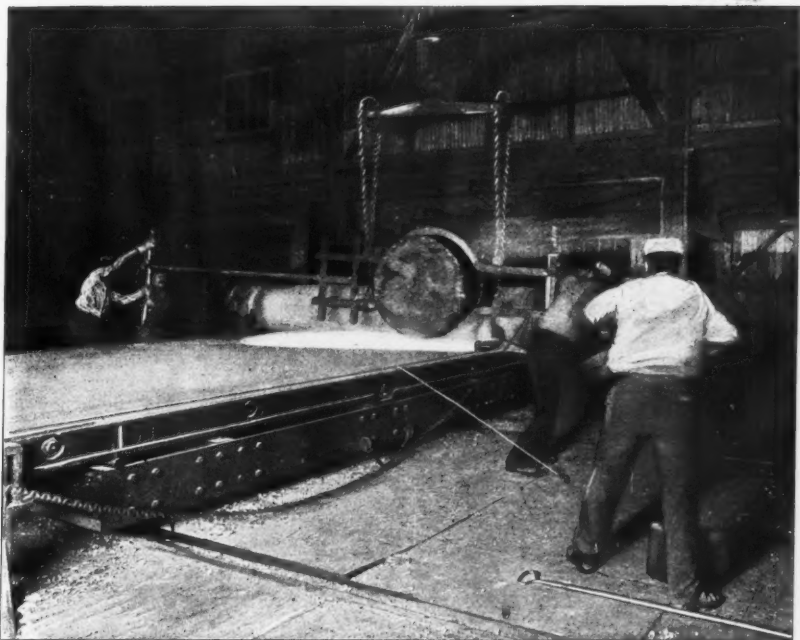
About ten million lamp chimneys a year

now satisfy the demand for that article in the United States, although ten years ago, before gas and electric light came so generally into use, ten times that quantity was required. In tumblers, however, which are made by a similar process, the demand is out of all proportion greater than it ever was before. About one hundred million tumblers were made last year in the United States.

In the manufacture of both tumblers and lamp chimneys great mechanical progress has been made in recent years, the machine now supplanting hand-labor in most factories. This machine has a circular table, carrying a series of duplicate molds, which revolves around a central column. The ball of soft glass, gathered on the blow-pipe, is put in a mold, which then is closed, the blow-pipe being held in place above the mold by a clamping device at the top of the machine. A rubber hose, placed over the mouthpiece of the pipe, leads to a supply of compressed air, which the mechanical rotation of the table admits



CASTING HALL WITH ROW OF FURNACES.



CASTING A POT OF METAL ON A TABLE, TO MAKE PLATE GLASS.

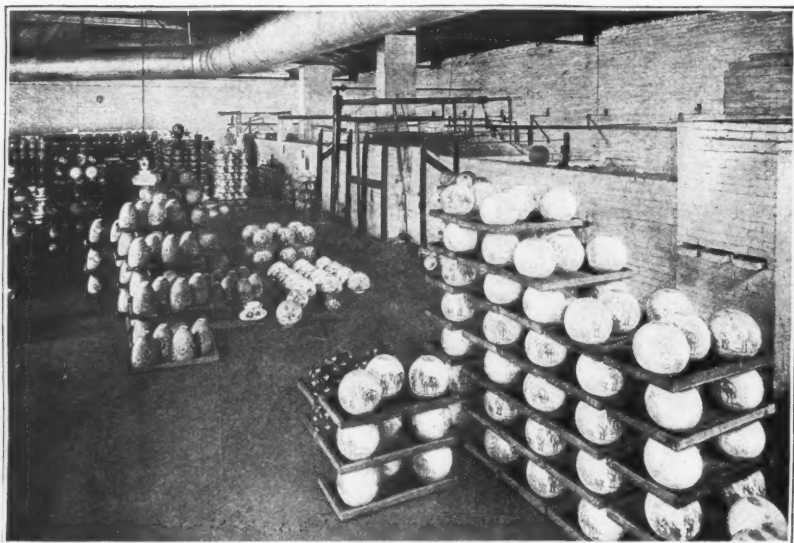
to the pipe. This latter is kept revolving and blows up the glass in the mold until it is ready to be turned out for the finishing process. The air pressure is regulated by an ingenious mechanism, and the entire operation is performed with great rapidity.

American manufacturers have long excelled in the making of pressed glass, which includes tableware, lamps, glass ornaments, et cetera, the pressed tableware of this country especially having been for years unrivaled in brilliancy and in its close imitation of the more expensive cut glass. This brilliancy is obtained by what is known as the fire-polish finish. In beauty and variety of design pressed tableware has even surpassed the real cut ware. Every year the principal manufacturers offer new designs in the pressed product, which are obtained in great profusion and at large cost.

The molds for pressed glass are made with very exact surfaces, and when in use are kept a little under a red heat. The various parts of the mold are so made that when closed they leave internally a space

representing the form and size of the article to be made, the internal hollow in the article not being produced by blowing but by the plunger of the press under which the mold is placed. Glass with elaborate facets, flatings, or other ornaments, can be made with great rapidity in these molds, by means of the plunger which presses the soft metal into every part of the cavity. The fire-polishing, which gives brilliancy to the pressed glass, is accomplished by reheating the article sufficiently to melt a thin superficial stratum. This removes the roughness and obscurity of surface incidental to molding.

The method by which colored glass is formed, by the addition to the ordinary materials in the melting-pot of small quantities of various metallic oxides and other mineral substances, has already been told. The colors yielded vary in intensity according to the proportion of oxides used, and the length of time the mass remains in the melting-pot. The uses to which colored glass is put are various, such as for ornamental windows, table glass, imitation



DECORATING KILN ROOM, FOR FANCY GLASS GLOBES.

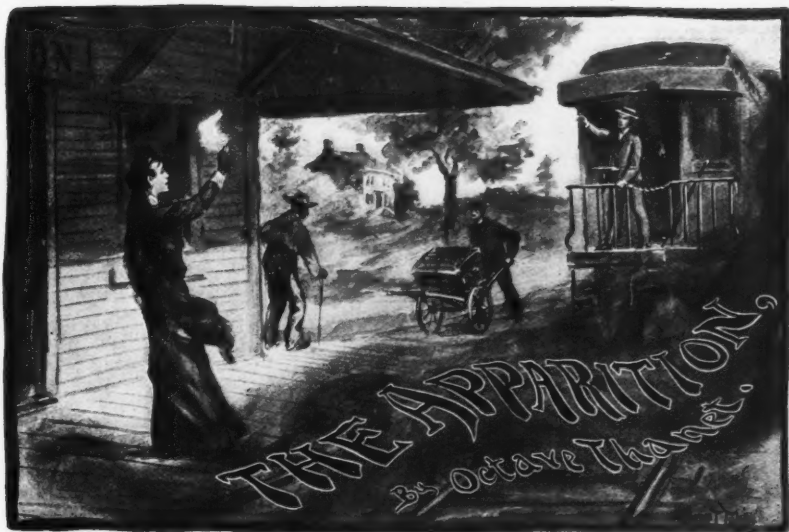
precious stones, et cetera. Remarkably faithful imitations of every kind of precious stone can be made from suitably prepared glass. Artificial precious stones can, of course, be easily distinguished by their inferior hardness, and by chemical tests, but to the eye the resemblance may be made almost perfect. The paste from which these glass imitations are made is prepared from a mixture in which a large percentage of lead is embodied, forming a flint glass of unusual density and transparency.

The manufacture of colored glass is also the basis of the beautiful art of glass-painting, which finds its most extensive application in the making of stained-glass windows. This art was described in detail in *THE COSMOPOLITAN* for January, 1896. The formation of windows of mosaics of colored glass, upon which the shapes of figures and ornaments are painted with an enamel fixed by fire, is of medieval origin, but the art in America has progressed beyond the bounds of its European application. The superiority of American glass windows lies chiefly in the fact that their makers have succeeded in producing

every kind of glass, in all the colors of the spectrum and in as many various shapes. But the art of glass-painting is one apart from glass-making.

Almost twenty million dollars' worth of raw material was required for the glass manufactured in the United States last year—more than forty per cent. more than was needed ten years ago. These materials consist of glass sand, soda ash, salt-cake, litharge, fuel, packing materials, nitrate of soda, potash, fire-clay, et cetera.

The preparation of sand for the glass-factories has become a highly specialized business, fully a score of separate establishments being exclusively engaged in the industry. The supply of soda-ash for glass-making a few years ago was almost entirely from England, but at the present time the domestic production is equal to the demand. The salt-cake used also is now all made in this country, while a decade ago it was mostly imported. A considerable quantity of litharge is imported from England, but more and more of the material is being produced in the United States.



IT was in the waiting-room of the Byrd Street Station in Richmond that Basil Pomeroy first saw Cary. The day was a sticky, warm September day; and he was occupying three seats with his dress-suit case, his gun-case and rod and his own engaging person. Basil looked cheerful; he was cheerful, although the muggy air was destroying the starch in his last clean collar. He had had excellent sport with his Virginia friend; and he was going on to an important position in his little world at Harvard. His name had been high in the first ten of the Institute, last year, and he was business editor of the "Crimson"; he was a junior, a rank in undergraduate life giving one all the prestige of an upper classman, but lacking the faint shadow which approaching separation and tussle with the world fling over a man's last year. Content with himself and his world, Basil looked about the few fellow-journeymen in the station. On the bench before him sat a mother and son. The woman might have been forty, and was evidently a gentlewoman. She was slight, even fragile-looking. Her cheek was thin, and the paler because her eyelashes were so black and long; but her eyes themselves were a grayish-blue, very soft and lustrous. She was in deep mourning, but Basil, who was observant of details since he had taken to

writing stories for the monthly, did not feel sure that her carefully brushed black henrietta-cloth skirt, and India-silk shirt-waist with its sheer white cuffs and collar, and the black, draped bonnet, showed a recent bereavement; on the contrary, he fancied that it had been the wearer's state garb for more years than one.

One of the lady's hands wore a perfectly fitting but neatly darned black silk glove; the other hand was bare, and it was holding the hand of the young man. His speech showed him to be her son. He was a very big fellow (Basil's eyes widened over possible football material); he stooped a little as he sat; he had gray eyes with black lashes, and his fair skin was amazingly freckled. There was nothing of mark about him except his evident tenderness for the gentle little woman beside him. To the acute eye of a well-dressed man, his new suit had been bought ready-made. He wore a crimson necktie, and a crimson band on his straw hat.

"Yes, ma'am, I've got them all," he was saying—"the very worst pair of overalls and a flannel shirt."

"Cousin Mary Page says"—the woman spoke rather slowly in the sweet little lingering cadences of Virginia—"she says that all the boys wear their old clothes 'Bloody Monday'; nothing will be thought

of it. You know how I feel; I want you to do like your mates and not shirk any danger, but you needn't be picking quarrels, honey; you're all I have"—she laughed, perhaps to hide a break in her voice—"and I'm mighty silly about my boy. I know your having so little money will keep you out of a great deal, for where you can't do your share you can't go in. But your grandfather and your father went to Harvard, and you're going, too. You will learn a heap, and while things may be hard and lonely the time will go——"

"They'll be harder and lonelier for you, that's the worst of it. I'll be so busy——"

"I'll be busy, too; there's a good chance for trade this year, you'll remember."

"To have to have you rent the plantation and take a cross-roads store!" began the young man, grinding his teeth.

She patted his shoulder. "Ally, don't take on about that now, honey. You'll find grandpa's sword in your trunk. It'll look nice on the wall of your room."

"Oh, mother! And you liked it so much! I wonder how many other things that I've no right to you've sneaked into my trunk."

She blushed and laughed happily. "Nothing of any use; just little things and—and—well, I've had your father's dress-suit made over for you in case you *should* need to go out in the evening. Now, Allerton, don't! Who worked in a lumber-mill all summer and——"

"I'd have been a yellow dog if I hadn't. I reckon I am, anyhow. I have taken Harvard; I'm letting you scrimp and pinch and pare, and rent the old place to strangers——"

"You hush! It's you' own money, dearie. You earned it yourself. And the little that isn't, you can pay back. Honey, I think the baggage-man is beckoning you."

She sent him away smiling, but when he was gone, her gray eyes followed his big, awkward form with an intensity of lonely misery which gave the watcher—whose mother was in Europe—an ache in the roof of his mouth. He took himself off, to give them their parting alone. At the car-window he looked back; and he flinched from her parting smile more than he would have flinched from tears. The

young man stood on the platform until the train pulled out of the station, waving his hand; to the end of the dwindling vista she was still smiling. But some twenty minutes later, when Basil looked up, the young man in the day-coach had suspiciously red eyelids. It was easy making his acquaintance; and he showed a flattering deference when he discovered the other's exalted station in the college world. Before they reached Washington, Basil had all his history. He was his mother's only child. His name was Allerton Cary. His grandfather was a Confederate general. His father, by simply heroic work, had saved the old family mansion and a hundred acres. He had made enough money to go to Harvard law-school, and his scholarship was a tradition in the family, as was his short but brilliant career as a lawyer. Had he lived, he would have left a fortune; but he died before his son was ten years old. The boy and the mother had had a struggle, which came out in hints rather than confessions.

Basil was a good-natured young man, eager to know his fellows of all kinds in college. In fact, he had set himself to be a man of wide acquaintance; he had made the Signet and the Dickey; and he meant, cheerfully, to be a leader. His new companion's artless admiration touched him. He managed to make his journey more comfortable in divers little ways, and when he discovered that Cary had engaged his room simply from an official document, choosing it entirely for its attractively low price, he bestirred himself to find him a better one as cheap. He would have given his good offices to help make the freshman football team; but Allerton declined.

"It's up to me to be a grind," said he. "I'd love it—Lord, how I'd love it!—but I simply can't spare the time. I've got to get through in three years, and I'm right stupid!"

Basil grew to like the boy; he made him free of his own luxurious rooms at Westmorley Court and of the genial company which solved the problems of the "little Harvarders" within them, and he suggested his name to Wynne when he gave his senior smoker to the freshmen. He walked Cary into the room and gave him the names and the strong right hands

of eight or nine fellows, before there had come too many guests for further introductions. Wynne, flustered and anxious, was finding seats and darting into his bedroom to investigate about the bottled beer and sandwiches which were to aid the university spirit later. The upper classmen invited lagged, only Basil having appeared. It afterward developed that there had been a mistake in the hour. Basil was greeted like Wynne's dearest ally.

"Have you brought your mandolin?" he whispered, hoarsely; and he almost groaned when Basil said that he hadn't. "Then, you've got to *talk*!" he asserted, with a lurid smile.

"Oh, I'll prattle," said Basil, easily. As good as his word, he sprawled before the fire (lighted for cheerfulness and as a good ashenbecker, although the weather needed it so little that all the windows were open to average the temperature), and demanded of the student world, "Say, who believes in ghosts?"

"I," came Cary's soft voice out of the silence which engulfed all the others. Having said, he flushed a little, but looked Wynne and Basil stoutly in the face.

"Ur—do *you*?" asked Wynne, turning a perplexed eye on Basil.

"I'm an inquirer." Basil threw his good-natured smile over the ranks. "A fellow that I know maintains, and lays money, that you can't find over a dozen people together, not related, that some one of them won't have a queer psychical story. So I thought I'd ask. Have you any special reason in the family for believing, Cary?"

Every one was looking at Cary, yet somehow Basil's flinging out his long arm and laying a friendly hand on the Southerner's knee robbed the moment of its terrors.

"Yes, sir, I reckon I have," said he, quietly.

"Do you mind telling us?" cried Wynne, with fervent interest. "*Anything* to promote conversation!"

"Guess I'd better start the beer," he murmured to Basil, "and the ginger ale, while he's telling us."

"If it'll ease your mind," returned Basil; "it isn't time, though."

Cary, timidly importuned by one or two of the freshmen, who had welcomed any

noise of talk, had begun to tell his tale, to which Basil, decanting the beer, paid but slight attention. Something there floated to him about a certain uncle or great-uncle of Cary's who lay all night in the snow after a battle, next to a wounded Yankee. And miles and miles away, Cary's grandmother, the soldier's sister, whom he loved dearly, was sleeping, ignorant of his peril. Of a sudden, she heard through the night the plunk of a horse's hoofs on the frozen ground. The old house was so solitary, guests were so beyond thinking, that she awakened and ran to the window. (Here Basil's attention went to the speaker.) She looked out of the window and saw Uncle Dave sitting on his horse, right straight and stiff, and looking at her. But when she saw him, she didn't cry out with joy like she'd have thought she would do; all at once she felt so terribly unhappy; it was like her heart had stopped beating. "Oh, Dave! Oh, Dave!" was all she could say. And the figure on the horse said, "Don't take on, sis, it was right easy; and the Yank, Tom Pelham, was mighty good to me." And then he didn't fade away, but he was just *gone*!

"And was he dead?" asked Basil.

"Yes, sir. The news came the day after, and Aunt Mildred got the mules hitched into the farm-wagon, with old Unk' Eben to drive 'em, and she rode on ahead. They traveled all day and all night, and they found him on the field, just as she expected, and she fetched him home and he's buried under the cedars on the old place. But it was a heap of comfort to Aunt Mildred to feel sure he hadn't suffered as he might have done, you know."

"How about Tom Pelham? Did he turn up and marry your aunt?" This came from the host, who was unbending in a measure of relief.

"Yes, sir," said Cary, soberly. "That is, he didn't marry Aunt Mildred, but we got word a month after from him. He wrote all about it, and how Uncle Dave was so brave and patient, and they helped each other, and almost the last words he said were: 'I've wanted so many times to go back to old Sycamore Hill! Now I'll go!' We never saw him, but we have always felt we wanted to. My grandmother

sent him a pig; it was all the pig she had, and mighty lucky to have it left; but he was in prison then, and he liked it mighty well."

"Got any more ghosts *in* your people?" said Basil.

"My great-grandmother saw my great-grandfather, they say, but I don't *know* about that."

But by this time the freshmen were aroused. A bold soul handed down a ghostly tale from his own family archives; several more furnished comments; the tongues began to ply from one occult subject to another; when the upper classmen invited appeared, they found every one talking at once, while the beer and ginger ale circulated briskly among the sandwiches. From ghosts the conversation drifted naturally into humor as a relief, and before the company separated, they were singing joyously in several keys.

Cary avowed that he had had a beautiful time. Basil meant to keep an eye on the boy, but there were many concerns demanding his eyes. Once in a while, he would go over to College House to see Cary. Once in a while, Cary's clumsy shoes trod carefully *between* Basil's dull-hued rugs and Cary's wistful eyes roamed about Basil's pictures. He never said much on these occasions, but he listened so eagerly that the junior rather missed his silent presence if the time of his absence was longer than usual. One way, he found Cary very disappointing; there was no helping him delicately to a share of the rich boy's luxuries. Invitations to lunch, to dine or to go to town he steadily declined, making no pretext, owning quite frankly that he did not accept because he could not return. Basil actually felt uncomfortable when he came to Cary's meager fire, and Cary would feed it quickly with lumps of coal. He could not resist a suspicion that the big Southerner sometimes went hungry and habitually was cold.

One day, he was visited by an inspiration. It sent him to Cary's room out of breath, with an enormous bundle. "I was going to pack these off home," he panted, mendaciously; "then it occurred to me you wouldn't mind storing them!" As he spoke, he was kicking out a rug and a thick wadded coverlet. Cary was un-

suspicious for once. But he protected both carefully with newspapers and laid them on his closet shelf, a sight which caused Basil to swear, a few days later.

"Man alive, can't you stick that thing on your bed? It'll get crumpled and—and moth-eaten there in the closet," he exploded, kicking rug and coverlet out on the floor. Cary looked at him, and slowly a dull red mottled his freckled cheeks.

"You're right kind and good," said he, "but I'd rather keep them on the shelf." Then, as Basil looked hurt and made as if to pick them up and carry them off, "No, I won't," he cried, flinging his arm about Basil's neck; "you're the best friend I ev' did have, and I won't be biggity with you. I'll keep 'em anywhere you say."

In the expansion of the moment, he even smoked one of Basil's cigarettes; and they got better acquainted than in all the months before, in this half hour over the fire, which (to adorn the occasion) blazed with reckless profusion. There was no fire at all the next day when Basil fetched his alleged freshman's note-books—those neat typewritten note-books which one can buy in the Square. They were hardly so ancient and honorable as Basil would have had Cary believe. Cary, however, accepted them trustfully and with gratitude.

All this was before the Christmas holidays. Basil felt a twinge of remorse when he discovered on his return that Cary hadn't gone home. He hadn't thought to look him up before he went away to his own joyous home-coming.

"It was rather tough," Cary confessed; "but Mr. Wynne took me to Boston before he went home and I bought my mother a right pretty scarf and a Christmas card. He showed me the stores. And *she* sent me the bulliest box from home. I saved some of the pecan-nuts for you. And Professor Norton asked us all up Christmas eve. Oh, he's—he's a noble gentleman! It wasn't nearly so bad's I expected."

"Well, you have got to come to the theater with me to-night—and dine with me first," Basil insisted. "Wynne's coming, too. It's my Christmas treat."

Cary did come, and he had the time of his life. But the return home was not part of their festive plan. It barely escaped a



Drawn by George T. Tobin.

"LIE STILL WHERE YOU ARE, GENTLEMEN!" HE CALLED, IN HIS SOFT, EVEN VOICE."

tragedy. They had taken a car of a different line from their custom, because they could get seats in it and all the other cars were packed.

This car ran through the crowded, narrow, ancient part of the town where shutters screen the narrow windows; and the old brick houses have pointed roofs and sagging door-jambs; and poignant odors float up through the iron gratings in the street, just outside basements of which half a door tops the pavement; and strange Chinese and Slavic names sprawl on the signs; and Hebrew junk-shops mix with mean saloons. So narrow were some of the streets that one could almost jump to the sidewalk from the car platform. Precisely this feat Cary did perform. For as they swung into a new and dingier and shabbier thoroughfare, a woman's shriek rent the street clatter; simultaneously, Basil and Cary beheld a disheveled, painted creature spring out of the shadow of the houses, followed by two men, one of whom caught and brutally choked her, whereupon the Southerner made his vault.

Instinctively the other students arose. Before the conductor could grumble his warning about the evil character of the street, they had passed to the platform.

"Send a policeman—if you can see one," called Basil, as he jumped off.

Although Wynne gave a throaty curse at "that infernal, hot-blooded Southerner who would get all their throats cut, and why the devil couldn't Basil let him get what was coming to him?" he stuck hard on his friend's heels just the same.

The two plunged into a disk of red light from a Christmas-decked liquor-dealer's window. Bathed in its glow, Cary was struggling with three men. Even as Basil's foot struck the pavement, one of the wrestlers flashed a knife. The next second, his arm crooked back with a sickening snap, and he was flung against the others. They went down in a heap. Cary's hand came out. A little trickle of light ran along his revolver barrel. "Lie still where you are, gentlemen!" he called, in his soft, even voice; he didn't even raise the tones. The woman, who had been flung aside, picked herself up to a kneeling posture—a strange and woful figure in her tawdry blue silk daubed by the filthy snow of the

pavement, her sham jewels flashing, and the blood from a blow on her head matting her yellow hair and smearing her ghastly, painted face. "Now put up you' hands!" said Cary, "or I'll plug you. You feller trying to help, I'll put one through your hat to show."

There was a sharp ping of a report on his words, and the dirty derby hat of a man on the sidewalk rolled off his head; the wearer sprinted round the corner.

"See?" said Cary—"I can kill the bunch of you befo' you can get you' guns out. Hands up! Now, gentlemen, you all ahm you'selves; there's a pistol and knife on the sidewalk right handy. You all light out! Let the lady stay if she wants to."

But the woman was listening to one of the men. With the hysterical changeableness of her kind, she became appeased and ran away clinging to the ruffian who had choked her. Wynne and Basil had obeyed as if they had been prep. schoolboys. They stood in a formidable triangle, bristling with knives and pistols at the sullen faces in doorways and windows, until the bulky array of blue and brass on an approaching street-car indicated the entrance of the might of law.

They boarded the car. The police sergeant's rebukes for meddling in rackets on Friend Street they bore with most unaccustomed meekness, while Basil proffered the cigars of gratitude.

Afterward, when Wynne tried to explain to Cary the risk which chivalry ran in that quarter, Cary's only comment was:

"It's pretty awful, ain't it, to think of a white woman being like that!"

"Cary," said Basil, "you're mighty fresh in divers respects. In the language of the poet, 'You're a pore benighted heathen, but a fust-class fightin'-man!'" There was a gleam in his eye which warmed the simple young Southerner's heart for days.

Basil expected to see Cary the next day, and the same intention was in Wynne's mind; but it was now coming on to mid-years, and those who had frolicked in the sun were taking toll not only of the midnight hours but even of the futile pleasant daylight; so it was five days before Wynne, after a visit of his own, asked Basil if he had seen Cary lately. Basil replied: "Why,

yes. He came in for a minute Sunday night; but there was a mob in the room, and he only stayed a few minutes." He did not add the sentence on his tongue, "I had a notion he was rather upset."

"Well, I looked round this morning, but he wasn't in," said Wynne. "I threw my card in, with a few words on it, asking him to come over and we'd go to town together. But I haven't had an answer."

Basil proposed they go to 20 College House and bring him away captive. "He needs a little fun," he said. Secretly he thought, "And he needs some beefsteak!"

The two young men went over to College House. An indefinable uneasiness was growing on Basil. Wynne felt its contagion; therefore he whistled airs from "The Prince of Pilsen," out of tune. But neither voiced any feeling beyond a disgust at the snow crisping under their feet. Cary's door was shut. Wynne rapped on it smartly. The thud of his rap echoed through the hall, a dull and heavy sound. When he lifted the lid of the opening for letters, no welcome glow of firelight or of gas came to him, and as he bent his face to the opening the air of the room struck him with a chill. "Strike a match! Look inside," said Basil; unconsciously his voice was subdued as if in a sick-room. Wynne glued his eyes to the aperture. His report was made in the same hushed tone: "There are some letters on the floor—and my card."

"Can you see the bed? He can't be ill? Say, we've got to get in. Where's his goody?" The goody was found, a comely young colored woman, tidy, smiling and gently indifferent. She admitted them readily enough. The room was in perfect order; the bed had not been occupied. Wynne picked up the envelopes on the floor.

"Two notices from the office because he had been cutting," he commented; "my card, and a letter from some place in Virginia."

"It's from his mother," said Basil. He laid the envelope very gently on the table.

"I guess he's gone off on a little trip," suggested the bland goody.

"Without signing off? He is not that kind," snapped Basil.

Wynne, who had been looking in the closet, struck in:

"I don't believe he's taken a thing. His bag and his trunk are both here, and there's a dress-suit hanging up in the closet, and his old togs he wore Bloody Monday. His drawers haven't much in them; but I guess they've got all the poor fellow had. He hasn't gone away."

Basil asked the goody when she had seen Cary last; she couldn't rightly call it to mind. They left her with a caution to hold her peace.

Then, back in the street, they looked at each other.

"Almost anything at all may have happened to a fellow in Boston after twelve at night," growled Wynne, and began the gruesome adventure of a friend of his who had had his head broken just outside the South Station, and never knew who hit him.

"Cary never went to Boston," Basil cut him short. "The Port's just about as tough——"

"Where did Cary eat? Do you know? Not at Mem or Randall?"

"No; at 'most any old joint, where you can get hot dog for five cents."

They tried the eating-houses, getting no information. The next morning they went again to No. 20, finding it empty as before. Between examinations, they searched all day. By nightfall, two thoroughly alarmed young men came back to Cary's room with a detective and the proctor of the hall, who was a family friend of Basil's. The proctor had consented to allow a search before he informed the college authorities. The detective was a man of mark in his calling. His proceedings were after the accepted scientific manner. He examined every nook and corner of Cary's bare room, to find some clue to his vanishing. He ransacked the pockets of his clothes—so few clothes that there were not many pockets. He pulled out the contents of every pigeon-hole or drawer in his second-hand, rickety little desk. All that they found were note-books kept with painstaking care; some shabby second-hand text-books; his few bills, all receipted and punctiliously docketed; a package of letters, the date on each, all in the same old-fashioned feminine hand and all marked with the same Virginia postmark; and another much slimmer package of notes and letters, each in its

envelope, marked with the writer's name and date, bearing such endorsements as: "From Cousin Sally Allerton," "From Uncle Tom Carroll," "From Cousin Tom Carroll," "From Miss Betty Manson" (this latter the detective's eye gleamed over until he read the cramped, unsteady characters and came on a sentence about the writer's rheumatism and her eighty-fifth birthday); "From Capt. Harold T. Comes, about the store rented to my mother;" there were also two cards scrawled over in a hand which Basil knew, and one plain card—all in an envelope marked "From Basil Pomeroy, Gentleman." That the boy should have kept these cards, moved Basil oddly. On the desk lay a small diary and an unfinished letter to his mother. When the detective took up the sheet, Basil would have interposed; he turned to the proctor with an irritable: "Has he got to read that!"

"I am afraid he has," returned the proctor, looking uncomfortable. "It may contain the clue we are after."

It did not; but when the man had finished it, he said thoughtfully to Basil: "Guess you're right about the boy; there are *some* dangerous possibilities we don't need to worry about. But there's no clue in the letter. How about this diary?" He ran over the leaves, but only to shake his head, saying: "Apparently contains information about the weather, his recitations, and Mr. Pomeroy, whom he seems to consider the greatest man in Harvard. And—wouldn't this kill you dead?—it's his expense account! Humph! he didn't pamper himself with high living, did he?"

The detective's finger ran down the page—"Fifteen cents, ten cents—here's a great spree, thirty-five cents a day for eating."

Basil ground his teeth. "I tried to help him, but he wouldn't let me. I know he half starved himself. I ought to have made him——"

"You couldn't," said the proctor, sighing; he was wondering within himself how many other poor students might be too proud to let those who were eager to help them discover their necessity.

"Here's the last entry in the diary," said the detective. "Saturday, Jan. 3d.—Not much here to work on. Clear

and cool. Had exams in geology 4 and English A. Went to Boston and took supper at a very splendid hotel with Pomeroy and Mr. Wynne. It was a mighty good supper. Went to Keith's Theater afterwards. It is a right beautiful theater; all the passageways are made of marble and looking-glasses. There were some wonderful acrobats, and a beautiful dancer, and a magician from the royal court of Japan. There were some mighty silly niggers, too. I don't see how such a theater will pay such fellows. The best of all was the biograph where they make people in pictures act. I have often heard of these things, but this is the first time of my seeing them. I did wish mother was there."

"Poor lad!" said the proctor.

But Basil had an idea; he remembered the street-car incident which Cary did not mention, and gave it to the detective. "Mightn't those fellows have done something in revenge, maybe?"

The detective didn't seem greatly impressed. "Hardly likely," he said. "They've too much on their hands. Besides, we've been shadowing Wing Sin's house all the week; he has the Chinese laundry next the saloon and is one of the slickest fences in Boston. He married a white wife, and they've a lodging-house above, which is generally filled with yeggmen. The police suspect one of them of the Weathering murder. But they can't get any evidence. Wonder if the woman your friend rescued was Gladdy. Did she have yellow hair, curly, and a lot of it?"

"Yes," said Basil.

"That's poor Gladdy. She died the first of the week."

"Naturally?"

"Hard telling." The detective shrugged his shoulders. "There were no signs of violence, and she had heart-trouble for a long while. They *said* they found her dead in her bed. My own notion is, she knew too much. Well, we'll interview the chief about Wing Sin's, and see if anybody of your friend's description has been seen near there. But I don't think it likely. I'll report by to-morrow afternoon."

The report was made on time, but it contained absolutely nothing about Cary. No one in the least like him had been seen



Drawn by George T. Tobin.

" 'DON'T, PLEASE DON'T TELL MY MOTHER! THE-RED-BOOK-TABLE-DRAWER-'"

on Friend Street. Nor was there any other clue. It seemed preposterous that a man could utterly disappear out of a populous university, leaving no trace behind him; but exactly this impossibility had happened. Reluctantly, Basil and Wynne admitted to the proctor the necessity for informing the college authorities; but Basil pleaded that

Cary's mother should not be told of his disappearance that day. He represented how little she could do to help them—nothing in all probability, and how difficult it would be for her narrow means to compass a journey to Cambridge.

"That will have to rest with the dean," said the proctor. "He may think that we

have no right to keep the information from her. The boy's her son, you know."

As the dean was dining out, Basil was obliged to leave for an appointment which he had in Boston at the detective's rooms, with no assurance on the subject. The hour was after seven in the evening, and the ground was covered with snow. The chill dreariness of the scene, recalling the discomforts of travel at such a season, increased the young fellow's appreciation of the cruelty of bringing a frail, lonely, frightened countrywoman on a hard and costly journey, to heartbreak at the end. The picture of her would not be ordered away; he saw her sitting all night in a grimy, suffocating day-coach amid sprawling sleepers, not able to afford even the poor privacy of a Pullman berth for her misery, because she must guard every cent to "help hunt for Ally."

Sometimes the little black-clad figure would turn its head to give him its pathetic, patient smile. Then Basil—whose mother was a gentle and little woman—would grind his teeth. And yet, hadn't she the right to be told? Her help seemed infinitely futile to him; but hadn't she the right to give it to her only son? He could not decide. Beset with doubts, he stared disconsolately out of his "booby" window. The runners churned through the snow and his horses' bells mocked him. He scowled on the scene which usually he dearly loved. Before him, the lights of Harvard Bridge spanned the frozen Charles. Huge broken fields of snow were marked out by irregular blue lines where the current had strained against its leash of ice and been smitten into deathly quiet. Far to his left, the long line of bunched stars faintly outlined the Cambridge flats. The great State House dome was sketched against the steel of the sky in dotted lines of fire, and below it rose lean rectangles of sky-scrapers and the solid blocks of Beacon Hill. After he had passed the bridge, he was whirled through by-streets where the snow had not been carted away, but flung from the sidewalks until it made ragged walls and buttresses on either hand. Lanes and wider streets ran away from the wider thoroughfare in dimly lighted curves, or climbed hills between mean, dark houses crowding close together as if for warmth in

the chill. Not a figure was to be seen traversing them. They were lonely beyond the loneliness of prairie or sea. Black shadows guarded their lurking doorways. It were easy to imagine an assassin flung his knife in ambush at any basement.

All at once, without the warning of a thought, Basil saw under the light of the street-lamp a figure which he recognized with a thrill. He knew it before the light struck out Cary's face, white, drawn, pleading with an intolerable intensity of appeal. Basil leaned out of the door; they had passed the figure; he called on the cabman to stop. In the very utterance, his voice stuck in his throat with a gulp of horror, for there, in front of his path, was the figure again—and almost instantly gone. He hung out of the cab window, absolutely buffeted out of decision. Whether to turn back or go on, he was past resolving. And—lo! the figure, plainly marked, almost a block ahead of him, this time running toward him, both hands out and a breathless agony of struggle and entreaty on the haggard features.

And now the horses began to plunge and rear, evincing all the signs of terror. Why should the beasts be frightened on a smooth road, not even a street-car in sight? Why, unless they could see the tall runner drawing near, waving his hands, struggling to speak? The shape went by the carriage window—went by without a motion of a limb, as if borne on a mystical wind, which did not chill Basil's face nor lift a lock of hair, yet drove the miserable image of his friend past him.

The horses were plunging and rearing, grinding the runners into the snow-drifts, pushing them perilously sidewise over the slippery, trodden road. Afterward, Basil was aware of this; at the time, he could only feel his eyeballs strain to see more plainly that dim, struggling face, and his throat ached for dryness as he breathed the icy air in gulps. In a second, the figure which he had lost for a moment returned, and kept pace with the gyrations of the "booby" for perhaps two minutes. All the time, Basil was conscious of an effort on the apparition's part to speak; until, at last, the words came in gasps, as from a spent runner:

"Don't, please don't tell my mother!

The—red—book—table-drawer——” But the last word faded, and the face went with it into emptiness. The “booby” was going more smoothly, and there was nothing to the right or the left that Basil could see when he leaned out of the window. All he could hear was the creak of the runners on the snow and the coachman’s injured plaint: “Now, whatever d’ye suppose made them cussed horses so scared?”

Basil moistened his dry lips with his tongue. It barely served him to ask, “Did you see anything, Dennis?”

“I did not, sor,” cried Dennis. “They’re quiet now, sor.”

The horses were trembling, but again obedient to the reins. Basil leaned back, thought differently of his purpose, put his head out of the window again: “Go back, Dennis. I’ve forgotten something. Go to College House.”

His head was whirling; his heart felt heavy and cold, like a lump of ice in his breast. But he was no longer undecided. The goody admitted the young man to Cary’s room and pocketed her dollar, without question.

Cary’s room was bare, and dark, and cold with a chill that crept round Basil’s heart. He lighted the gas; and the sense of the lad’s struggle which he had lightened so little, and the lad’s gratitude for that trivial help, grew heavier as he searched. There was no red book, no book at all, in the table-drawer. Perhaps before the ransacking by the police there might have been such a book; now the drawer gaped at Basil, empty to its corners.

“Nothing for it but to look over every red book in the room,” Basil grunted, setting his lips. There were four red books visible. Three of them were text-books: an old Horace which had descended from one student to another by way of the Harvard Cooperative Society, a work on geology and a very shabby rhetoric. The fourth book was a blank-book in which Cary had written his theme in English A. But a minute examination satisfied Basil that he had written nothing else. Here were all the books. Not one held any light. Yet Basil was unshaken in his belief that there was some light somewhere

in them. “I’ll look at every page in every one,” he said, doggedly. “Poor Cary sha’n’t have me fail him now.”

He began with Horace, turning every leaf. The action was mechanical until, midway in the book, between two pages, his fingers slipped on paper of quite a different texture—a thin, thin sheet of note-paper. Basil held it to the light. It was covered with writing addressed to himself. His heart beat fast, and his eyes blurred as he drove them down the lines. But he read every word, after which he folded the paper carefully and sought the proctor.

“You have found something?” said the proctor, instantly.

“I think I have,” said Basil. “You remember Gay?” (Gay was the Boston expert on crime) “said the woman Gladdy could tell too much.”

“Yes.”

“Well, I think I know one big thing she could tell.”

“What?”

“She could tell about the Weathering murder.”

“The Weathering murder,” repeated the proctor, instantly on the alert. Since the detective’s hint, he had been reading the papers which were giving the crime their blackest headlines.

Weathering had been a rich man who had a fad for collecting jewels. His rubies and alexandrites and diamonds and sapphires were so wonderful that their fame had escaped into the magazines. Six weeks before, he had been found dead in his bedroom in a fashionable apartment-house, with a single, well-aimed knife-thrust in his heart. There was no clue to the murderer. The jewels were gone. After a month, an Italian, from Wing Sin’s, who bore an ugly reputation as a bravo and general cut-throat, was arrested on no better evidence than his presence in the apartment-house earlier in the evening, and his later endeavor to persuade the janitor to conceal that he had been there. This man’s preliminary trial before the grand jury was now in progress.

“How do you know anything about the Weathering murder?” said the proctor.

In answer, Basil handed him the sheet of paper. He read:—

"Sunday evening.

"DEAR POMEROY:

"You are the best friend I have, and you know all about things, too; so I thought I would ask your advice. I don't exactly know what to do. This afternoon a queer thing happened. I was going to the Coop, when a girl whom I had never seen (she didn't look like a young lady, although she had on fine clothing) stepped up to me and asked was I the man who owned that letter and who helped a lady near the North Station, yesterday, who was being choked by a man. She had a letter addressed to me from my mother which I reckon I must have dropped in that fight yesterday night. I said I was.

"Then, this is for you, too," said she. "Read it and give it back to me." She handed me a note, with which I thought I ought to do as she asked, since it concerned a woman; and after I read it, I did give it back to her. But I remember every word. This is about how it went: "If you want to find out all about the Weathering murder and get the reward, be at Harvard Sq. at nine o'clock to-night, and follow any one with a red feather in her hat. You can't find nothing if you split to the cops." It wasn't signed, and it wasn't very well spelled or written. The girl looked at me and seemed to guess my doubts of the writer, for she assured me mightily earnestly that poor Gladdy was all right and had been treated bad enough to drive anybody crazy; and she was in fear of her life, so she was. I don't quite know what to do. There is a reward of five thousand dollars offered by Weathering's brother, and a thousand more by the city. When I think of what my mother and I could do with *half* that money, I get the quivers all over. On the other hand, it may be a trap. I thought I'd ask your advice, and I'm going over to see you, and if there's nobody there I'll put the case to you. If you have a lot of friends, maybe I'll leave this. But you understand *one* thing, I'm not going to have you or Mr. Wynne mixed up in this. It's my job. But you can tell me how I can get the police handy. And if anything should happen to me, you tell my mother. And you tell her I don't believe my father

would be ashamed of me at Harvard, though I didn't get any better than one A and one B in the hour exams and I am afraid I sha'n't get more than C in the mid-years.

"I can't tell you how kind you've been to me, Pomeroy. I believe if I——"

Here the writing abruptly ceased. Some curious instinct, premonition—call it what one will—had compelled Cary to write the letter; but apparently it had not been strong enough to make him finish it and carry it with him when he went to Basil, or to impel him to confide in Basil when he found the occasion unpropitious.

The proctor frowned. "This looks ugly," he said. "He must have gone from your room and on some impulse gone straight into Boston. Either the letter was a bait to a trap, or the writer was discovered with Cary, and what happened we can't tell. He may be a prisoner or he may be dead. I am afraid we *have* to tell his mother."

"Wouldn't we better—couldn't you wait until we give this last clue to the police?" pleaded Basil. "I've an appointment now." He would do as Cary had asked him, whatever the request; he clung to that task doggedly; he would not think beyond it. After a little hesitation on the proctor's part, he won his point and set out again for Boston.

He was dully amazed at his own emotion. "It isn't as if I were fond of the fellow," he kept telling himself. "It's just the darn pathos of the situation!" After a while, he found himself saying: "He put up such a sandy fight! You *have* to like a fellow who puts up a fight like that!" And later: "I believe he'd have done more for me than any fellow here! And he had awful soft, pleasant ways. Maybe I could have persuaded him, now my roommate's gone, to take the other room—oh, Lord!"—he stifled a kind of groan—"was it his ghost? Did he die just then?—or was it before? And why should he insist on not telling his mother—unless to save her the journey? Oh, isn't it a mess? Confound Wynne for going to his aunt's dinner to-day!"

He had resolved not to tell the detective his reason for hunting; he let the discovery appear an accident, and grimly relished the

man of skill's suppressed mortification at overlooking such a clue.

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings——" The detective comforted himself with Scripture. "Well, I wasn't any stupider than Captain Riley's men who have been on watch all the week and let a fellow six feet one walk into the house without their twigging him. Poor Gladdy, I guess she was murdered all right. She sent the note. She quarreled once too often with Stumpy Pete. When she'd get mad after a licking, she'd threaten him, but they always made up; so we never got a hold on him. He's a yegg-man and very clever. Her death—I've looked it up since I saw you—was reported Sunday night. She may have been dead when he got to the house. Well——"

"Can't we pull the house?" said Basil.

"We just will. And to-night." He was at his desk and he took up the telephone. There was a short but decisive colloquy, ending in the summons of a cab. But, to Basil's angry disappointment, the detective primly declined his company. No persuasions moved him out of his argument: "I couldn't answer to your father and mother, young gentleman, should any harm come to you. You can trust me. I'll do the right thing."

Basil's eloquence, his anger, his covert bribes, availed as much as surf avails to move a boulder, and no more. The end was, the young fellow drew himself up very stiffly. "Then good-evening, Mr. Gay," he said, and marched out of the room. The detective chuckled. He felt less like chuckling when the first face he perceived among the policemen in front of Wing Sin's was that of the stubborn young Harvard man; but he was magnanimous enough to proffer his own revolver.

"You forget I captured a gun in this street last Saturday," said Basil, with a faint smile. But his little victory could not lift the dread of what spectacle he might find; and his pulse thumped furiously when the police captain rattled the brass knocker on the dingy white hall-door, demanding admission in the name of the law. Entrance was accorded him civilly enough by a slatternly drudge who trembled away from the dark hall the instant she had slipped the bolts.

As they stood, uncertain, a black-haired woman showed her pink cheeks and white feather boa through a foot of doorway in reconnaissance; she was the reputed keeper of the "lodging-house," the Chinaman's wife. She professed indignant surprise. Few words were wasted on her by the captain. And Basil had occasion to admire the rapidity of his progress, as well as the ease with which he brushed aside specious pleas which might have barred doors. His men hunted the house through in an amazingly short period, finding no one, however.

Basil was permitted to go into each room in turn, but he found no sign of Cary's presence. Once, looking out of the window, he saw two sullen men standing, bareheaded and with torn clothing, on the trampled snow, and their faces seemed familiar to him. They must have tried to escape and tumbled into the net spread for them.

The house sickened him. The main room, where he stood at last, reeked with the rank odors of liquor and stale tobacco-smoke. The curtains were dingy; the ingrain carpet was stained and torn; the sofa and chairs were an ill-assorted lot, some pieces in ragged cane and dirty satin. On the table, the tinsel-embroidered cover had been pulled askew, scattering a pack of cards over a tray which had contained a meal, and overturning a claret bottle. It lay on its side and dripped hideously on the crust of bread, and an egg which some reckless heel had ground into the dreadful carpet. A rickety cabinet-organ stood against the wall. The room gave on a squalid court. One could not imagine a drearier or more repulsive place; yet this was the third time Basil had returned to it, each time with a singular sensation of being dragged. He suddenly surrendered to his impulse.

"Cary!" he yelled at the top of his voice, "I found the book; I'm here. Dead or alive, signal to me!"

The policemen stood around staring; it was only Basil who detected the faintest tap on the wall. The captain looked puzzled. "Same distance between the partition and the house walls, ain't there?" he asked; then, receiving an affirmative, he gave a sharp nod of his head and ran

out of the room. In a second he was back, grimly smiling. "There is a jog in the wall. Blind pig, by ——!"

And he instantly lent his shoulder to Basil, who was tugging at the organ. They moved aside the instrument. They tore down the new wainscoting behind it without hesitation. There was revealed a low door bolted with a heavy iron bolt, working on their side. It flew back, but still the door held, until Basil and the captain and the detective together broke it down. As the door flew back, Basil recoiled, white and sick, and shut his eyes. Something leaped through the opening and flung itself on him and hugged him.

"Hello!" observed Gay, "are you the missing man?"

Basil looked into the face before him. It was pale and haggard and thin, but it was Allerton Cary's living face.

"I reckon," said Cary. "Say, in that closet is all the Weathering jewelry. Has anybody got *anything* to eat?"

Later, in Pomeroy's study, with Wynne doing wonders over a chafing-dish, warmed and fed, Cary told his tale. He did not consider it remarkable, and was chiefly concerned lest he had violated the college rules.

"You see," he said, "that poor woman didn't trick me. She meant to give them up. That brute behaved shamefully, ran off with another woman. He really was the one who stabbed Weathering, though the man they've got let him in. I don't know what they'd done to the poor creature, but she was all by her lone when I got there. There was a queer-looking woman let me in and let me go up to her. She was lying on a lounge or a sofa in that room where you found me; they hadn't even put her to bed. She told me something about the murder—enough, I reckon, to hang the two villains. And then she got faint; I expect she died, poor thing. I looked around for some water or some wine or some stimulant; and I saw a young woman with red cheeks, right pretty-looking. I called to her. She showed me this closet; it wasn't boarded up then, and there wasn't any organ before it, only a chair; and she said I'd find a bottle and

glasses on the shelf. I was so stupid and so anxious to help the poor woman that I never suspected a thing; I ran right in; and she slammed the door on me. The door had a spring-bolt; it shot and held the door fast. Well, I strained it pretty well before they could get that organ and those iron bars across. But they got 'em all right and then I never did move it!"

"And you stayed in that hideous place since Sunday?" cried Wynne. "Had you any air? Or anything to eat or drink?"

"Not too much air," said Cary, with a grimace. "I made a hole in the plaster and got into the air space beneath the walls and struck a crack somehow; so I got *some*. I didn't have anything to eat except half a box of water-crackers and a bottle of olives; but I had a whole case of some kind of fizzy water, with a thing hanging to the neck of one of the bottles that opened it. I'd a fine time after I found that little trick. Before, I had to break the necks of the bottles, and I was always afraid of swallowing glass. There was some whisky there, too, but I let it alone. I promised an old great-aunt of mine that I wouldn't drink any liquor in my freshman year; so I didn't."

"But I should think you would have gone crazy," cried Wynne, "all in the dark, half starved!"

"Yes, sir, I felt mighty bad," Cary admitted; "but at first I was always expecting them all to come in and try to kill me. Then I'd had a chance to fight, for I was ahmed of course. But I reckon they 'lowed I'd die there all right if they let me 'lone, and I wouldn't be marked up then. They could just chuck me out in the street and leave me anywhere. I figured it all out after a spell."

"Cheerful time you must have had in the dark with those fancies!" said Basil.

"Well, I had my match-case, you know, with six matches in it. I used them to explore with. That's how I found the jewelry. That cheered me up right smart."

"But weren't you cold?" said Basil, instantly replenishing the fire.

"Pretty cold," laughed Cary, "and I got pretty stiff sleeping on the floor. I tell you, I thought mighty often of that comforter you lent me. It was right bad,



Drawn by George T. Tobin.

"AS THE DOOR FLEW BACK, BASIL RECOILED, WHITE AND SICK, AND SHUT HIS EYES."

too, thinking of how I would keep cutting and cutting; and maybe they'd send me a notice from the office, and the exams would be coming on and they might expel me—oh, I used not to be cold then, I assure you. But the worst of all was—my mother. She wouldn't get my Sunday letter and she'd worry. First, she'd write to me; next, she'd write maybe to Pomeroy; she wouldn't know where to write. It isn't like it is down South; here, people are so busy; and she knows it, and she'd hate so to bother. I'd get about crazy when I thought those things. I suppose I did get a little crazy. I began to determine to escape—one way, if I couldn't another. I know those Indian fellows could do it—why not I? I would sit as still and think one thing: how to get out—*how* to get out. I knew if I could only get to Pomeroy, he'd find a way to help me"—he

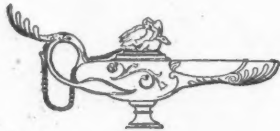
looked shyly at Basil—"and you see he did!"

"Have some more of the soup, old chap," said Basil.

"At last, I did get out. I found him; I tried so hard. I thought it would kill me to speak; but I spoke, just a little. And then I was back, here. I felt so bad, I—I cried."

"Plainly," said Basil, "you need to be under surveillance; I shall ask the dean to sentence you to be my room-mate the rest of the year, so I can take care of you and keep you from any more wild adventures and turning yourself into spooks."

"Oh"—Cary was stammering—"but it would be nice to stay here to-night! And that's your bathroom? I've been bathing in seltzer lately. But first I've got to finish that letter to my mother. I want to post it to-night."



WHATEVER IS.

BY CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN.

WHATEVER is we only know
As in our minds we find it so;
No staring fact is half so clear
As one dim, preconceived idea—
No matter how the fact may glow.

Vainly may Truth her trumpet blow
To stir our minds; like heavy dough
They stick to what they think—won't hear
Whatever is.

Our ancient myths in solid row
Stand up—we simply have to go
And choke each fiction old and dear
Before the modest facts appear;
Then we may grasp, reluctant, slow,
Whatever is.

A STORY OUT OF THE LONG PAST.

BY R. PILLSBURY.

IF any one ask, Why open a criminal chapter long since closed? it may be answered, partly because of its historic interest, but chiefly because of the human interest still throbbing through its pages, as through all great tragedies or crises of the past. We still seek to know the actors' motives, to realize the emotions that swayed them to their undoing, the mental struggles that preceded the sinister event. For the psychological interest of crime is very great, especially when the crime is deliberate rather than involuntary. To kill in sudden passion, to steal in a moment of pressure—this may evoke sympathy, but is too simple to detain the intellect. It is when the crime is one link in a chain of events, when it is a step toward a definitely proposed end, or is a direct sequence in heredity, that we pause to consider its bearings. The average individual holds a fixed code of social and moral propriety. What is done in accordance with that code is a commonplace, and calls for no comment; what flatly contravenes it is—for that reason—interesting. At any rate, as we turn backward the pages of human history—that long romance—it is these contraventions of the code which most interest us.

And in the whole psychology of crime there is no more significant fact than this: that not merely the strong for good or evil may become criminal, but also those who are weak; that not only the great provocation, but the trivial one as well, may serve as incentive to wrongdoing. Wounded honor may call for vengeance; so, too, may wounded vanity. The love of man or

woman may lead to heights of devotion and self-sacrifice; equally facile is its descent to an Avernus of infamy. Wealth may be sought honorably, for large ends; it may also be sought criminally, and for so petty an end as a mere theater ticket. Life may be taken for a life, or for a few pence. And the real tragedy lies not so much in the loss of life or place or money, as in the immense, the



FRANCES HOWARD, COUNTESS OF SOMERSET.

hideous disproportion between that loss and its cause. Meredith saw beneath the surface, into the heart of things, when he entitled his story of Ferdinand Lassalle and Helene von Dönniges "The Tragic Comedians." Such there have been in all ages, such there will be to the end; such were the actors three hundred years ago in "The Great Oyer of Poisoning," of which we have to speak.

Robert Kerr, or Carr, first appears in

history as a lad of eighteen—a poor Scotch gentleman's poorer son, occupying at the court of King James I. a minor position as groom of the bedchamber, "wherein," says Osborne, "he was well pleasing to all." After his disgrace, there were many to deny him every good quality save good looks; but the more temperate Osborne describes him as "a gentleman very handsome and well-bred; one that was observed to spend his time in serious studies, and did accompany himself with none but men of such eminence as by whom he might be bettered."

An accident that threw him from his horse with a broken leg, almost at the king's feet, was the beginning of his worldly advancement. James was kind-hearted, keenly susceptible to that personal beauty in men which he himself so signally lacked, and—above all—of the disposition that must always have some special confidant or friend. He was ready, therefore—nay, eager—to be the Hadrian of this Scotch Antinous. By his orders Carr was carried to Master Ryder's house at Charing Cross, where he visited him daily, and thus "made the daybreak of his glory appear." After this—"Lord! how the great men flocked to see him!"

The Earl of Suffolk, within a few years to be his father-in-law, in a letter to Sir John Harrington, dated 1611, mentions with half-curious, half-satirical surprise the

young man's growing favor: "The King teacheth him Latin every morning, and I think some one should teach him English too; for, as he is a Scottish lad, he hath much need of better language! The King doth much covet his presence; the Ladies, too, are not behindhand in their admiration; for I tell you, good knight, this fellow is straight-limbed, well favoured, strong-shouldered and smooth-faced, with some sort of cunning, and show of modesty;

tho, God wot, he well knoweth when to show his impudence. . . . If any mischief be to be wished, 'tis breaking a leg in the King's presence, for this fellow owes all his favour to that bout. . . . We are almost worn out in our endeavours to keep pace with this fellow in his duty, and labour to gain favour, but all in vain; where it endeth I cannot guess, but honours are talked of speedily for him."



ROBERT CARR, EARL OF SOMERSET.

These honours came—the earliest almost before the writer's ink was dry; the favorite became successively Baron Brancespeth, Viscount Rochester and Earl of Somerset. It is agreed by all that he bore his elevation with modesty, and he certainly seems to have been aware of his own deficiencies. Although—perhaps because—he had a king for a schoolmaster, his progress in learning did not keep pace with his elevation; what he was he remained—an honest, handsome, ill-educated young Scotchman,

with a good temper, a simple heart, and manners free from affectation. Under these circumstances, his position of royal confidant and adviser was no sinecure; and it is small wonder if he sought to supplement his shortcomings with the better knowledge of a friend. He had shown good taste and sense in his friendships—keeping company by preference with men of intellectual as well as social gifts, among whom Sir Thomas Overbury was conspicuous. The association of the two soon grew into intimacy.

Overbury sought advancement at court by means of the king's favorite; Carr sought the aid of Overbury's scholarship and wider knowledge of affairs. Carr wrote badly and spelled worse; Overbury, who was a man of letters—a poet also, of a sort—became his scribe and skilled assistant. Carr knew nothing of statecraft or diplomacy; Overbury had a natural taste that way. And thus, on the basis of mutual service and regard, their intimacy was cemented, and stood, until the entrance of—the woman!

In Frances Howard, daughter to the Earl of Suffolk, and cousin at several removes to Queens Catherine Howard and Anne Boleyn—two unfortunate or guilty beauties of an earlier reign—we have the greatest beauty of her time. At the period of her meeting with Carr, she was in the prime of her youth and remarkable loveliness. The existent portraits give but a faint idea

of her charms, which, nevertheless, were incontestable, if we accept the unanimous evidence of her contemporaries. As a child of thirteen she had been married, in 1606, to another child, a year older than herself—the son of that unlucky Earl of Essex who was beheaded in the reign of Elizabeth. After the ceremony, the young pair were separated—the bride remaining at home, the earl going abroad to school. When the bridegroom returned, a few years later, it was to find his wife grown cold to

himself, and deeply enamored of Carr. Some efforts were made to adjust matters, but uselessly; Lady Essex was determined to be free in order to marry the man she loved. As her parents were emphatically "of the world," and saw that the road to royal favor led through the favorite; as Carr was madly in love, and the king ready to do anything to please him; as, finally, the Earl of Essex was too proud as well as



SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

powerless to hold an unwilling wife, these various strands of action culminated in a divorce suit of which the less said the better. Sufficient that the king lent the heavy weight of his influence, that bishops and lawyers spoke according to his behest, and that the marriage was pronounced null and void on the 16th of September, 1613, after a trial lasting five months.

On December the 26th of the same year, in the palace of Whitehall, the ci-devant Lady Essex became the Countess of

Somerset. Fêtes even more magnificent than those which celebrated her first marriage were given in honor of the second. Campion wrote the wedding mask on this occasion, as Ben Jonson had written the "Masque of Hymen" for the earlier wedding. Even Lord Bacon offered a mask in their honor, and paid its expenses to the tune of two thousand pounds. The king lent his presence now as before; courtiers outvied one another in the splendor of their gifts and the magnitude of their flatteries. And thus, says a contemporary chronicler, was the marriage solemnized "for which they and the whole family of Suffolk paid dear in after-time, and had sower sauce to that sweet meat of their great son-in-law."

"Sower sauce" was offered from the first, in the blunt ridicule and criticisms of the people, who had not the same inducement as the courtiers to hold their tongues in public. The Bishop of Winchester had been principal in securing the verdict of "nullity" in the divorce—a service for which, according to Osborne, "his son was knighted, and will never lose that by-title of Sir Nullity Bilson!" Comments upon the lady's character were more wise than nice; expressions of respect and sympathy for the Earl of Essex were common, as also expressions of contempt for Carr. Anagrams happened to be in vogue about this time, and a very significant one was made and widely quoted with reference to Sir Thomas Overbury—as yet but suspected—whose name was bluntly turned into "O, O, busie murther!"

Yes, what of Sir Thomas Overbury? What part did he play in what seems, so far, the comedy of his friend's marriage? Why was he not at his friend's side? We touch here upon one of the unsolved problems

of history. So far as we can follow the tortuous path of the tragedy, it would seem that Overbury, appealed to by Carr for aid in his courtship, gave it willingly so long as he supposed the affair was merely one of gallantry. A flirtation—to use the modern phrase—was all right; marriage was a very different matter. The moment he realized that Carr was serious, and intended to marry the lady, that moment he began to oppose. But who ever yet knew a lover yield to remonstrance? The more Overbury had to say—the more clearly he pointed out the unworthiness of the lady, the wrong to her husband, the injury to



ROBERT DEVEREUX, EARL OF ESSEX, IN EARLY MANHOOD.

Carr's future, and last, though not least, the injury to his own prospects—the wider grew the breach between himself and his friend. It seems certain that Carr was at first greatly perplexed, and laid his friend's objections before the lady for her to refute. This, of course, she did to his satisfaction, and hated Sir Thomas violently for her own. She was "a woman scorned," and, from this time on, studied revenge.

Again, it seems an undoubted fact that during the period of their intimacy, while acting as Carr's adviser, Overbury had become possessed of various royal secrets which by rights were none of his, and which he certainly should have kept from going farther; whereas, being proud of his own importance, he boasted of how much he knew. Some think that these secrets included the poisoning of the king's oldest son, with the consent or at the instigation of the father; others, that they touched upon certain disgraceful private vices of the palace; others, again, that they were simply business matters—secret, indeed, but unassociated with crime or disgrace. However this may be, there is no doubt

that, at this crisis, Overbury sought to master his friend by threatening to use this knowledge against him unless he would give up Lady Essex.

The threat was fatal—it affected James as well as Carr; and the latter immediately used his influence with the king to get his monitor imprisoned in the Tower. The ostensible cause of imprisonment was *lèse-majesté*, in refusing an appointment as ambassador to Russia—an appointment

which Carr is thought to have advised the king to offer, and Overbury, on plausible reasons, to decline. With this plot and the imprisonment itself, Carr's guilt may be said to begin and end. There is no reason to question his own statement at the trial, that it was simply in his mind to remove his friend for a while until the marriage could take place. This was the general opinion, and is well

summed up by Sir Anthony Weldon in the following words: "Many believe the Earl of Somerset guilty of Overbury's death, but the most thought him guilty only of the breach of friendship (and that in a high point) by suffering his imprisonment, which was the highway to his murder; and this conjecture I take to be of the soundest opinion."

Overbury was sent to the Tower a few days before the proceedings for the divorce were begun—April 21, 1613—and, accord-

ing to Carr's intention, should have been set at liberty with the new year; but—he died in his prison the preceding 14th of September, one day before the decree of divorce was pronounced! His imprisonment had been aggravated by petty and unreasonable restrictions, as well as by unaccountable illness, but his death was thought to have been natural. Unfortunately, the doors of the Tower, which seemed so well closed, were open to two enemies of Over-

bury, almost equally relentless—the king and the countess. We shall never, in all probability, disentangle the complicated threads of his fate, but there seems to have been now a plot within a plot—one, the blundering, tactless efforts of the countess to remove her foe by means of poison; the other, the more subtle attempt of a party unknown, or but guessed, to effect the same end. Scandal—or, perhaps,



JAMES I. OF ENGLAND.

sound conjecture—avers that this party was the king, acting through his private physician, who was given free access to the prisoner. Be this how it may, the victim succumbed; both parties had their desire, but the countess, guilty in intent, was innocent in fact—if we may trust the evidence—and the true criminal went unpunished.

The latter worked silently and surely; the countess brought into murder, as into every act of her life, an incurable levity. The spoiled child of fortune and society

had no idea of not getting her way in everything. She wanted Carr; in order to possess him, she consulted that venerable quack—to call him by no worse name—Doctor Forman. The beautiful girl was superstitious; the doctor gave her love-philters to win Carr, and aversion-powders to turn the affection of Essex to disgust; he even resorted to that time-honored remedy of witches, a wax figure, to be judiciously stuck with pins by way of antidote to the earl's inconvenient affection. But the great lady could not manage the



LORD BACON.

affair alone; she therefore took into her confidence the famous Mrs. Turner, with her ruined character, her exquisite beauty and her yellow-starched ruffs, to act as intermediary.

When Overbury got in her way and became inconvenient, she easily persuaded her lover to put him in the Tower; but for murder other agents must be sought. Again she had recourse to her confidants, and again they assisted her, but ineffectually: her subagents in the Tower were reluctant or penitent or untrustworthy,

and the matter dragged. Fresh efforts were made, followed by fresh delays; then, all at once, the end came with startling suddenness. Sir Thomas would meddle no more with what did not concern him—he had carried his complaints to a higher court!

All obstacles removed, the marriage now took place, as has been said; and a blaze of courtly splendor and favor almost hides the rash pair from view. It would be assuming too much, however, to endow them with happiness as well as splendor. The countess, no doubt, was content—her butterfly satisfaction needed only the sunshine of gratified desires; but with the Earl of Somerset it was different. He had a capacity for better things; he felt and thought more deeply than his wife; he had the graver, more reflecting temperament of his Scotch ancestry. Love had taken possession of him with overmastering force, but, his desire once granted, there came an hour for thought, and I believe it cannot be doubted that the after-flavor of his love was bitter. Nevertheless, if there was disillusion, he did not make it public. He had got what he wanted—it was not for him to complain if the reality fell short of the dream. And the footsteps of retribution, as in a Greek tragedy, were steadily drawing near.

The countess' powerful uncle, the Earl of Northampton—who may or may not have been privy to her guilt, but whose position and influence served to shield her—died about the middle of June, 1614. Within a year from that time, rumors were circulating to the effect that Sir Thomas Overbury had not died a natural death, but had been poisoned in the Tower. The rumors grew; whispered at first, they soon were shouted aloud. The countess' confidants had not been well chosen; some of them were indiscreet, and presently her secret was common property.

A word from the king would have sufficed, if not to discredit the tale, at least to prevent it from making headway; but that word was not spoken. If the truth be told, the capricious monarch had found a new favorite, and was only too glad of a chance to shelve the old one. The star of Somerset was waning, that of George Villiers was rising; and as the

arrogant nature of the man so soon to be the splendid Duke of Buckingham could not endure even the shadow of a rival, he assisted gladly in pulling him down. It is a piteous and sordid picture—Somerset so unsuspecting and straightforward; James dissimulating like a cowardly child, and bidding good-by to the favorite he intended never to see again, with a slobbering caress; while behind his shoulder stands the new favorite, surveying both parties with a sarcastic smile.

Somerset and his wife were arrested in October, 1615, and the trial of the case proceeded swiftly; the famous Lord Bacon acting as king's counsel, and Sir Edmund Coke as presiding judge. The subordinate agents were dealt with first. Weston, Overbury's keeper in the Tower, was tried on the 19th of October, and executed on the 10th of November. Mrs. Turner, tried on the 7th of November, was executed on the 15th—leaving a memory fatal to the popularity of yellow starch. Sir Gervase Helwyse, or Elwes, Lieutenant of the Tower, was tried on the 16th and executed on the 20th of November. James Franklin, the apothecary who supplied the poison, was tried on the 27th and executed a few days later. Sir Thomas Monson was also tried as accessory, but escaped with imprisonment and a heavy fine.

The trial of the principals was postponed for a double reason—in the case of the countess, to await the birth of her only child, which took place on the 9th of December; in that of the earl, it is supposed, to make the case against him as strong as possible through the confession of the minor criminals. Also, it began to be said at an early stage in the proceedings that the king would never bring Somerset to trial—that he did not dare to do so.

The trial of the countess took place on the 24th of May, 1616. She came to the court much broken in both health and spirits. A nature like hers repents in proportion as it is uncomfortable; and this poor child had known the acme of discomfort. Solitude, ill health, disgrace, told heavily upon her. Probably there were few present who did not pity the unhappy creature as, in a voice almost inaudible, she pleaded guilty, and threw herself upon the mercy of her peers. Another

dramatic touch was added to the scene by the presence of the Earl of Essex, the prisoner's divorced husband. What his thoughts were, none can tell; at least, he threw no stone at the sinner!

The Earl of Somerset was tried the following day; he declaring his innocence as he had done from the first, and refusing to plead guilty. The death sentence was pronounced upon them both, only to be remitted. They were remanded to the Tower, and after being detained about four years, they were released, whereupon they retired to one of the earl's estates. Their crucial experience did not draw them



THE EARL OF ESSEX AS A PARLIAMENTARY GENERAL OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

together, but the reverse. It is said that they lived apart, although occupying the same house, and would not speak to each other if they could help it. They seem to have seen few visitors; the shadow of the king's disfavor, rather than the disgrace of the trial, hung over them.

A few years passed away in this seclusion, and then the countess, after a painful illness, died. We have no record of these last few years, and no knowledge of how she met her end. We do not know if her husband's old affection returned in her helplessness; we do not know if she repented the past, if she thought of Essex with regret or of Overbury with remorse. We

know only that she passed, leaving Somerset free at last with the daughter to whom he was devoted, and through whom some brightness came into his later days.

This daughter—named Anne for the queen—inherited her mother's beauty, but also the better qualities of her father. At the age of sixteen, she was seen and admired by the heir of the Duke of Bedford; the attachment was mutual, and, in spite of the duke's opposition, they were married. Somerset almost beggared himself to raise the exorbitant marriage-portion which the duke—hoping in that way to break up the match—had required. The marriage was an exceptionally happy one, and blessed with numerous children, among whom was the Lord William Russell who sealed an enlightened patriotism with his blood. It is said that Lady Russell learned of her mother's shame by the merest accident—an account of the trial having carelessly been left open where she could see it—and was found in a dead faint beside the open volume.

James—too late—seems to have thought with regret of his ruined favorite. Buckingham's arrogance grew beyond all bounds, and the poor king was in a state of subjection that almost resembled slavery. Faithful to his old timorous, half-hearted policy, he concealed his feelings from the once dear "Steenie," and visited Somerset in secret. Letters have been found which prove the fact, and show that he consulted the earl as to what he should do. Strange interviews they must have been—with the shadow of the past between the two! Yet Carr was not ungenerous; he met his sovereign half-way, with both kindness and sympathy. It was quite on the cards that their old intimacy might revive—at least, there was still a live spark in its embers—but opportunity was not granted. The king died—not without suspicion of

Buckingham's agency—in the spring of 1625.

Passing to the other actors in this drama, we find that Essex had the courage to try matrimony a second time, and found it as disappointing as the first experience, although less perilous. It may be taken as part of his general disillusionment, that the royalist sentiments of his youth gave place to a latter-day parliamentarism; and the son of Elizabeth's Essex became, in 1642, a general of the Commonwealth, and fought at Edgehill against the king. He survived James and the great "king's counsel," his divorced wife and his fatally successful rival, and died on the 14th of September, 1646.

Of Lord Bacon it may be said that little in his life became him less than the part he took in Somerset's trial. He who could write with such elevation upon "Justice" fell far below his sentiments here. Like Sir Edmund Coke, he prostituted his great abilities to the king's pleasure.

When the once powerful Earl of Somerset died, in 1645—one year before Essex—he was not yet old—not



HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF NORTHAMPTON.

sixty; but he had outlived by many years the brief period when the world was at his feet. He had known court favor and advancement and wealth; he had experienced friendship and love; and, at the end, he could say with the Preacher, All is vanity! He and his poor countess had drunk in disillusion to its dregs. Life had promised them, apparently, all brightness, but

"The end was nothing, and the end was near."

They were like dancers above an oubliette—their light feet whirled over it for a while in safety; but the spring was at last touched, and in a moment their dancing was ended.

SOME NORSE TYPES OF BEAUTY.

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN, 2d.

A GOOD deal has been written recently about American types of beauty, but in so cosmopolitan a country as ours, the population made up of the blood of so many different races, it can hardly be said with much truth that there is any distinct national type. Ask whether American women are dark or fair, tall or short, and unless your informant has some particular woman in mind who stands to him for all that the ideal American woman should be, he will not be able to answer satisfactorily.

It is only among nations which for countless generations have not been subject to immigration that a true national type is to be found. Norway, for instance, has preserved for centuries the same racial characteristics, mental and physical, influenced, to be sure, by changing social conditions, but not affected by the infusion of new blood.

The typical Norwegian maiden is fair-haired and strongly built. Clear blue eyes look straight out from beneath a broad

brow. Grace with her is not a matter of study. It is rather a natural outgrowth of simplicity of life, unrestrained expression of thought, and a more healthful open-air existence than the average American girl leads. Perhaps health is her chief characteristic. Of sturdy stock, she has been

brought up in a wholesome manner. Thus many of the little annoyances pass her by completely. Except to a limited extent in Christiania, fashions do not change.

She is not brought out into society and taught that the next three or four years of her life are to be devoted to pleasure-seeking entirely.

From the time when she is very small, the Norwegian girl has light household duties. Norway's system of pub-

lic schools is a good one, so she does not lack a thorough primary education, but while it is going on her mother is schooling her in every branch of housewifely duty. There are no "emancipated" women in Norway, chiefly because they look forward to making a home of their own and have never



"THE TYPICAL NORWEGIAN MAIDEN IS FAIR-HAIRED AND STRONGLY BUILT."



"GRACE WITH HER IS NOT A MATTER OF STUDY."

heard bringing up children, marketing, sewing and active superintendence of all the household affairs referred to as drudgery.

Uncompromising honesty is a national characteristic, and except in the few large cities houses are rarely locked up by night. When one drives through northern Norway intending to put up late at night at one of the farmhouses along the route, one walks right in and rouses the family from the hall, not from the outside. Good plain food is brought out, and the younger members of the household arrange to double up to make room for the unexpected guests.

Such a trip, away from the beaten paths of the regular summer tourists, gives one a delightful insight into the life of the Norwegian women, and to spend a day with one of them over her various duties is a pleasant and refreshing experience. Their struggles with a rough climate and a poor soil have made them economical, but not stingy.

Society in Norwegian towns is organized on simple lines, and there are no sets exclusively given up to gaiety. The helpers in the Norwegian household are usually the members of the immediate family, or some distant



"FROM THE TIME WHEN SHE IS VERY SMALL THE NORWEGIAN GIRL HAS LIGHT HOUSEHOLD DUTIES."

relative in reduced circumstances. Hence social inequalities are not very sharply defined and almost every one, from farm-hand to domestic helper, is interested in the family as if it were his or her own. But even in the more prosperous districts, where assistance can be afforded, the wife is not merely the superintendent of the labor. She takes part in it herself in all its branches. If her husband is a fisherman, she helps him mend the nets. If he is a farmer, she attends to a large share of the outdoor work in addition to her household duties.

Of course, her life differs according to her husband's occupation and station, but these same solid qualities are observable throughout the race. The Norwegian woman has borne sons for battle in alien lands, for the peril of the seas and for rigorous work in modern times of peace, but she has never complained. Almost all women of whatever nation have underneath all other feelings a desire for the commonplace lot—for a home of their own, for a husband's gentle tyranny, for the ordinary ties of life. But in many countries a considerable number of restless women succeed in persuading themselves that a profession and single-blessedness are a better mode of life. In Norway the professional woman is unknown. No woman's movement has ever been started there. The expectation of marriage and home and the every-day contented life is consequently openly avowed.

The Norwegian woman is not, as a rule, brilliant in conversation. She is slow of speech, and her mind is occupied with the serious problems of her family. She is not



"OF STURDY STOCK, SHE HAS BEEN BROUGHT UP IN A WHOLESOME MANNER."

of a humorous disposition, nor does she as a rule concern herself with foreign literature and life. During the reign of the present king's elder brother, however, an important political change began to take place which considerably broadened the outlook of the Norwegian woman. The great peasant class commenced to assert itself and send representatives from its own midst to the Storting, the Norwegian parliament. Hitherto it had been chiefly made up of those in official and mercantile life, but today the peasant class is in control, and man and wife, as they discuss events by the fire in the evening, are brought in closer



A NORWEGIAN BRIDE.

contact with affairs and think along broader lines.

In the old Viking days, when personal daring and strength, rather than high explosives, natural resources and wealth, made a nation great, the Norse race was involved in almost every epoch-making event, founding and destroying kingdoms and infusing its strong blood into other races. To-day, numerical weakness and lack of natural resources impose a lesser rôle on

Norway. A population of scarcely two million—less than that of New York city—cannot be counted on as a factor in world politics so long as a resort to war remains the ultimate argument of our militant civilization. Perhaps to the Norse mother this is not a source of regret. For to-day she is rearing children who have health, vigor, a simple bringing up and every opportunity to become great in the arts of peace.



PANAMA AND A FORGOTTEN ROMANCE.

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY.

I.

THE COMING OF THE DEVASTATOR.

THIS is the romantic history of Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, the most knightly and gentle of the Spanish discoverers, and one who would fain have been true to the humble Indian girl who had won his heart, even though his life and liberty were at stake. It is almost the only love-story in early Spanish-American history, and the account of it, veracious though it is, reads like a novel or a play.

After Diego de Nicuesa had sailed away from Antigua on that enforced voyage from which he never returned, Vasco Nuñez de Balboa was supreme on the Isthmus.* Encisco, however, remained to make trouble. In order to secure internal peace before prosecuting some further expeditions, Balboa determined to send him back to Spain, as the easiest way of getting rid of his importunities and complaints.

A more truculent commander would have had no difficulty in inventing a pretext for taking off his head. A more prudent captain would have realized that Encisco with his trained mouth could do very much more harm to him in Spain than he could in Darien. Balboa thought to nullify

that possibility, however, by sending Valdivia, with a present, to Hispaniola, and Zamudio to Spain, to lay the state of affairs before the king. Encisco was a much better advocate than Balboa's friend Zamudio, and the King of Spain credited one account and disbelieved the other. He determined to appoint a new governor for the Isthmus, and decided that Balboa should be proceeded against rigorously for nearly all the crimes in the decalogue, the most serious accusation being that to him was due the death of poor Nicuesa. For by this time everybody was sure that the unfortunate little meat-carver was no more.

An enterprise against the French which had been declared off, had filled Spain with needy cavaliers who had started out for an adventure and were greatly desirous of having one. Encisco and Zamudio had both inflamed the minds of the Spanish people with fabulous stories of the riches of Darien. It was currently believed that gold was so plentiful that it could be fished up in nets from the rivers. Such a piscatorial prospect was enough to unlock the coffers of a prince as selfish even as Ferdinand. He was willing to risk fifty thousand ducats in the adventure, which was to be conducted on a grand scale. No such

NOTE:—The former articles of the series, "Peru and the Pizarros" and "Panama and the Knights-Errent of Colonization," were begun in the January and April, 1904, issues.

* See May COSMOPOLITAN.

expedition to America had ever been prepared before as that destined for Darien.

Among the many claimants for its command, he pitched upon an old cavalier named Pedro Arias de Avila, called by the Spaniards *Pedrarias*.^{*} This *Pedrarias* was seventy-two years old. He was of good birth and rich, and was the father of a large and interesting family, which he prudently left behind him in Spain. His wife, however, insisted on going with him to the New World. Whether or not this was a proof of wifely devotion—and if it was, it is the only thing in history to his credit—or of an unwillingness to trust *Pedrarias* out of her sight, which is more likely, is not known. At any rate, she went along.

Pedrarias, up to the time of his departure from Spain, had enjoyed two nicknames, *El Galan* and *El Justador*. He had been a bold and dashing cavalier in his youth, a famous tilter in tournaments in his middle age, and a hard-fighting soldier all his life. His patron was Bishop Fonseca. Whatever qualities he might possess for the important work about to be devolved upon him would be developed later.

His expedition included from fifteen hundred to two thousand souls, and there were at least as many more who wanted to go and could not for lack of accommodation. The number of ships varies in different accounts from nineteen to twenty-five. The appointments, both of the general expedition and of the cavaliers themselves, were magnificent in the extreme. Many afterward distinguished in America went in *Pedrarias*' command, chief among them being De Soto. Among others were Quevedo, the newly appointed Bishop of Darien, and Espinosa, the judge.

The fleet set forth on the 11th of April, 1514, and arrived at Antigua without mishap on the 29th of June in the same year. The colony at that place, which had been regularly laid out as a town with fortifications and with some degree, at least, of European comfort, numbered some three hundred hard-bitten soldiers. The principle of the survival of the fittest had resulted in the selection of the best men

from all the previous expeditions. They would have been a dangerous body to antagonize. *Pedrarias* was in some doubt as to how Vasco Nuñez would receive him. He dissembled his intentions toward him, therefore, and sent an officer ashore to announce the meaning of the flotilla which whitened the waters of the bay.

The officer found Balboa, dressed in a suit of pajamas,[†] engaged in superintending the roofing of a house. The officer, brilliant in silk and satin and polished armor, was astonished at the simplicity of Vasco Nuñez's appearance. He courteously delivered his message, however, to the effect that yonder was the fleet of Don Pedro Arias de Avila, the new Governor of Darien.

Balboa calmly bade the messenger tell *Pedrarias* that he could come ashore in safety and that he was very welcome. Balboa was something of a dissembler himself on occasion, as you will see. *Pedrarias* thereupon debarked in great state with his men, and, as soon as he got himself firmly established on shore, arrested Balboa and presented him for trial before Espinosa for the death of Nicuesa.

II.

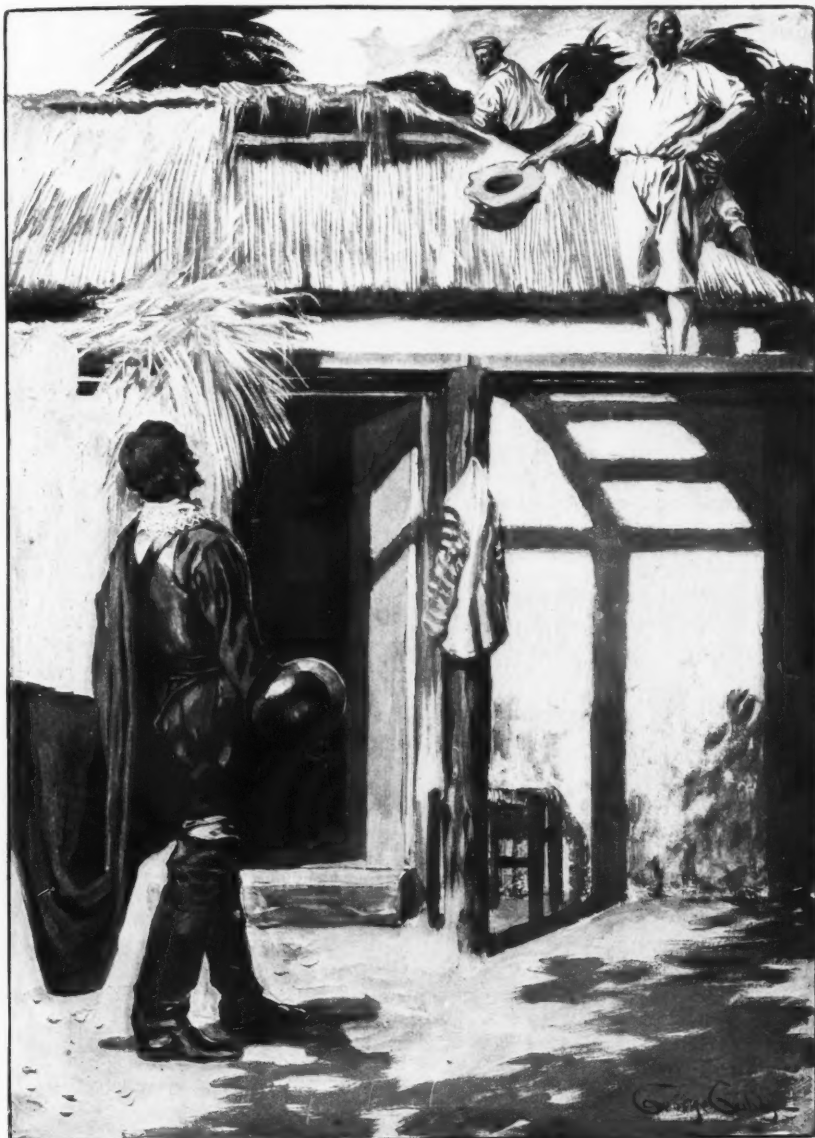
THE GREATEST EXPLOIT SINCE COLUMBUS' VOYAGE.

During all this long interval, Balboa had not been idle. A singular change had taken place in his character. He had entered upon the adventure in his famous barrel on Encisco's ship as a reckless, improvident, roistering, careless, harebrained scapegrace. Responsibility and opportunity had sobered him and elevated him. While he had lost none of his dash and daring and brilliancy, yet he had become a wise, a prudent and a most successful captain. Judged by the high standard of modern times, Balboa was cruel and ruthless enough to merit our severe condemnation. Judged by his environments and contrasted with any other of the Spanish conquistadors, he was an angel of light.

He seems to have remained always a generous, affectionate, open-hearted soldier.

^{*}In the English chronicles he is frequently spoken of as *Dávila*, which is near enough to *Diabolo* to make one wish that the latter sobriquet had been his own. It would have been much more apposite.

[†]At least, that is how I translate the "cotton shirt and drawers" of the ancient historians.



Drawn by George Gibbs.

"THE OFFICER FOUND BALBOA . . . ENGAGED IN SUPERINTENDING THE ROOFING OF A HOUSE."

He had conducted a number of expeditions after the departure of Nicuesa to different parts of the Isthmus, and he had amassed much treasure thereby, but he had always so managed affairs that he left the Indian chiefs in possession of their territories and firmly attached to him personally. There were no indiscriminate murder, outrage and plunder in his train, and the Isthmus was fairly peaceable. Balboa had tamed the tempers of the fierce soldiery under him to a remarkable degree, and they had actually descended to cultivating the soil in the intervals between gold-hunting and pearl-stealing. The men under him were devotedly attached to him as a rule, although here and there a malcontent, unruly soldier, restless under the iron discipline, hated his captain.

Fortunately, he had been warned by a letter which Zamudio found means to send him via Hispaniola, of the proposed despatch of Pedrarias and the great expedition. Balboa stood well with the authorities in Hispaniola. Diego Columbus had given him a commission as Vice-Governor of Darien, so that, as Darien was clearly within Diego Columbus' jurisdiction, Balboa was strictly under authority. The news in Zamudio's letter was very disquieting. Like every Spaniard, Vasco Nuñez knew that he could expect little mercy and scant justice from a trial conducted under such auspices as Pedrarias'. He determined, therefore, to secure himself in his position by some splendid achievement, which would so work upon the feelings of the king that he would be unable, for very gratitude, to press hard upon him.

Thè exploit that he meditated and proposed to accomplish was the discovery of the ocean upon the other side of the Isthmus. When Nicuesa came down from Nombre de Dios, he left there a little handful of men. Balboa sent an expedition to rescue them and brought them down to Antigua. Either on that expedition or on another shortly afterward, two white men painted as Indians discovered themselves to Balboa in the forest. They proved to be Spaniards who had fled from Nicuesa to escape punishment for some fault they had committed and had sought safety in the territory of an Indian

chief named Careta, the Cacique of Cueva. They had been hospitably received and adopted into the tribe. In requital for their entertainment, they offered to betray the Indians if Vasco Nuñez, the new governor, would condone their past offense. They filled the minds of the Spaniards, alike covetous and hungry, with stories of great treasures and, what were equally valuable, abundant provisions, in Careta's village.

Balboa immediately agreed. The act of treachery was consummated and the chief was captured. All that, of course, was very bad, but the difference between Balboa and the men of his time is seen in his after-conduct. Instead of putting the unfortunate chieftain to death and taking his people for slaves, Balboa released him. The reason he released him was because of a woman—a woman who enters vitally into the subsequent history of Vasco Nuñez, and indeed of the whole of South America. This was the beautiful daughter of the chief. Anxious to propitiate his captor, Careta offered Balboa this flower of his family to wife. Balboa saw her, loved her much, and took her to himself. They were married in accordance with Indian custom; which, of course, was not considered binding in the slightest degree by the Spaniards of that time. But it is to Balboa's credit that he remained faithful to this Indian girl. Indeed, if he had not been so much attached to her it is probable that he might have lived to do even greater things than he did.

In his excursions throughout the Isthmus, Balboa had met a chief called Comagre. As everywhere, the first desire of the Spaniard was gold. The metal had no commercial or monetary value among the Indians. They used it simply to make ornaments, and when it was not taken from them by force, they were cheerfully willing to exchange it for beads, trinkets, hawks' bells, or any other petty trifles. Comagre was the father of a numerous family of stalwart sons. The oldest, observing the Spaniards brawling and fighting—"brabbling," Peter Martyr calls it—about the division of the gold, with an astonishing degree of intrepidity knocked over the scales at last and dashed the stuff on the ground in contempt. He made amends for his action by telling them

of a country where gold, like Falstaff's reasons, was as plenty as blackberries. Incidentally he gave them the news that Darien was an isthmus, and that the other side was swept by a vaster sea than that which washed its eastern shores.

These tidings inspired Balboa and his men. They talked long and earnestly with the Indians and fully satisfied themselves of the existence of a great sea and of a far-off country abounding in treasure on the other side. Could it be that mysterious Cipango of Marco Polo, search for which had been the object of Columbus' voyage? The way there was discussed, the difficulties of the journey were estimated, and it was finally decided that at least one thousand Spaniards would be required safely to cross the Isthmus.

Balboa had sent an account of this conversation to Spain, asking for the one thousand men. The account reached there long before Pedrarias sailed, and to it, in fact, was largely due the extensive expedition. Now when Balboa heard from Zamudio of what was intended toward him in Spain, he determined to undertake the discovery himself. He set forth from Antigua the 1st of September, 1513, with a hundred and ninety chosen men, accompanied by a pack of bloodhounds, very useful in fighting savages, and a train of Indian slaves. Francisco Pizarro was his second in command. All this in lieu of the thousand Spaniards for which he had asked, which was not thought too great a number.

The difficulties to be overcome were almost incredible. The expedition had to fight its way through tribes of warlike and ferocious mountaineers. If it was not to be dogged by a trail of pestilent hatreds, the antagonisms evoked by its advance must be composed in every Indian village or tribe before it progressed farther. Aside from these things, the topographical difficulties were immense. The Spaniards were armor-clad, as usual, and heavily burdened. Their way led through thick and pathless jungles, or across lofty and rugged mountain-ranges, which could be surmounted only after the most exhausting labor. The distance as the crow flies was short, less than fifty miles, but nearly a

month elapsed before they approached the end of their journey.

Balboa's enthusiasm and courage had surmounted every obstacle. He made friends with the chiefs through whose territories he passed, if they were willing to be friends. If they chose to be enemies, he fought them, conquered them and made friends with them then. Such a singular mixture of courage, adroitness and statesmanship was he, that he everywhere prevailed by one method or the other. Finally, in the territory of a chief named Quarequa, he reached the foot of the mountain-range from the summit of which his guides advised him he could see the object of his expedition.

There were but sixty-seven Spaniards capable of ascending that mountain. The toil and hardship of the journey had incapacitated the others. Next to Balboa, among the sixty-seven, was Francisco Pizarro. Early on the morning of the 25th of September, 1513, the little company began the ascent of the sierra. It was still morning when they surmounted it and reached the top. Before them rose a little cone, or crest, which hid the view to the southward. "There," said the guides, "from the top of yon rock, you can see the ocean." Bidding his men halt where they were, Vasco Nuñez went forward alone and surmounted the little elevation.

A magnificent prospect was embraced in his view. The tree-clad mountains sloped gently away from his feet, and on the far horizon glittered a line of silver which attested the accuracy of the Indians' testimony as to the existence of a great sea on the other side of what he knew now to be an isthmus. Balboa named the body of water that he could see far away, flashing in the sunlight of that bright morning, "the Sea of the South," or "the South Sea."*

Drawing his sword, he took possession of it in the name of Castile and Leon. Then he summoned his soldiers. Pizarro in the lead, they were soon assembled by his side. In silent awe they gazed, as if they were looking upon a vision. Finally some one broke into the words of a chant, and on that peak in Darien those men sang the "Te Deum Laudamus."

*It was Magellan who gave it the inappropriate name, "Pacific."

Somehow the dramatic quality of that supreme moment in the life of Balboa has impressed itself upon the minds of the successive generations that have read of it since that day. It stands as one of the great episodes of history. That little band of ragged, weather-beaten, hard-bitten soldiers, under the leadership of the most gallant and lovable of the Spaniards of his time, on that lonely mountain-peak rising above the almost limitless sea of trackless verdure, gazing upon the great ocean whose waters extended before them for thousands and thousands of miles, attracts the attention and fires the imagination.

Your truly great man may disguise his imaginative qualities from the unthinking public eye, but his greatness is in proportion to his imagination. Balboa, with the centuries behind him, shading his eye and staring at the water,

"—Dipt into the future far as human
eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world and all the
wonder that would be."

He saw Peru with its riches; he saw fabled Cathay; he saw the uttermost isles of the distant sea.* His imagination took the wings of the morning and soared over worlds and countries that no one but him had ever dreamed of, all to be the fiefs of the King of Castile. It is interesting to note that it must have been to Balboa, of all men, that some adequate idea of the real size of the earth first came.

Well, they gazed their fill; then, with much toil, they cut down trees, dragged them to the top of the mountain and erected a huge cross which they stayed by piles of stones. Then they went down the mountain-side and sought the beach. It was no easy task to find it, either. It was not until some days had passed that one of the several parties broke through the jungle and stood upon the shore. When they were all assembled, the tide was at full ebb. A long space of muddy beach lay between them and the water. They sat down under the trees and waited until the tide was at flood, and then, on the 29th of September, with a banner displaying the Virgin and the Child above the

arms of Spain in one hand, and with drawn sword in the other, Balboa marched solemnly into the rolling surf breaking about his waist and took formal possession of the ocean and all the shores, wheresoever they might be, which were washed by its waters, for Ferdinand of Aragon and his daughter, Joanna of Castile, and their successors in Spain. Truly a prodigious claim, but one which for a time Spain came perilously near establishing and maintaining.*

Before they left the shore, they found some canoes, and voyaged over to a little island in the bay which they called San Miguel, since it was that saint's day, and where they were nearly all swept away by the rising tide. They went back to Antigua by another route somewhat less difficult, fighting and making peace as before and amassing treasure the while. Great was the joy of the colonists who had been left behind, when Balboa and his men rejoined them. The spoils were fairly portioned. Those who had stayed behind shared equally with those who had gone. The king's royal fifth was scrupulously set aside, and Balboa at once despatched a ship, under a trusted adherent named Arbolancha, to acquaint the king with his marvelous discovery, and to bring him reinforcements, and permission to venture upon the great sea in quest of the fabled golden land to the southward.

III.

"FUROR DOMINI."

Unfortunately for Vasco Nuñez, Arbolancha arrived just two months after Pedrarias had sailed. The discovery of the Pacific was the greatest single exploit since the voyage of Columbus. It was impossible for the king to proceed further against Balboa under such circumstances. Arbolancha was graciously received, therefore, and after his story had been heard a ship was sent back to Darien instructing Pedrarias to let Balboa alone, and appointing him an adelantado, or governor, of the islands he had discovered in the South Sea, and all such countries as he might discover beyond.

* To-day not one foot of territory bordering on that sea belongs to Spain. The American flag flies over the Philippines—shall I say forever?



Drawn by George Gibbs.

DRAWING HIS SWORD, HE TOOK POSSESSION OF THE SEA IN THE NAME OF CASTILE AND LEON.

All this, however, took time, and Balboa was having a hard time with Pedrarias. In spite of all the skill of the envenomed Encisco, who was the public prosecutor in Pedrarias' expedition, Balboa was at last acquitted of having been concerned in the death of Nicuesa. Pedrarias, who was furious at the verdict, made living a burden to poor Vasco Nuñez by civil suits which ate up all of his property.

It had not fared well with the expedition of Pedrarias, either, for in six weeks after they landed, over seven hundred of his unacclimated men were dead of fever, and other diseases, incident to their lack of precaution and the unhealthy climate of the Isthmus. They had been buried in their brocades, as has been pithily remarked, and forgotten. The condition of the survivors was also precarious. They were starving in their silks and satins.

Pedrarias, however, did not lack courage. He sent the survivors on the march. Under different captains, he despatched them far and wide through the Isthmus to gather gold, pearls and food. They turned its pleasant valleys and its noble hills into earthly hells. Murder, outrage and rapine flourished unchecked, even encouraged and rewarded. All the good work of Balboa in pacifying the natives and laying the foundation for a wise and kindly rule, was undone in a few months.

Such cruelties had never before been practised in any part of the New World settled by the Spaniards. I do not suppose the men under Pedrarias were much worse than others. Indeed, some of them were better, but they took their cues from their terrible commander. Fiske calls him "a two-legged tiger." That he was an old man, seems to add to the horror which the story of his course inspires. The recklessness of an unthinking young man may be better understood than the cold, calculating ferocity of threescore and ten. To his previous appellations a third was added. Men called him "Furor Domini"—"the Scourge of God." Not Attila himself, to whom the title was originally applied, was more ruthless and more terrible.

Balboa remonstrated, but to no avail. He wrote letter after letter to the king depicting the results of Pedrarias' actions,

and some tidings of his successive communications came trickling back to the governor, who had been especially cautioned by the king to deal mercifully with the inhabitants, to set them an example of Christian kindness and gentleness that they might be won to the religion of Jesus thereby! Pedrarias was furious against Balboa, and would have withheld the king's despatches acknowledging the discovery of the South Sea by appointing him adelantado; but the Bishop of Darien, whose friendship Balboa had gained, protested, and the despatches were finally delivered. The good Bishop Quevedo did more. He brought about a composition of the bitter quarrel between Balboa and Pedrarias. A marriage was arranged between the eldest daughter of Pedrarias and Vasco Nuñez. Balboa still loved his faithful Indian wife; it is evident that he never intended to marry the daughter of Pedrarias, and that he entered upon the engagement simply to quiet the old man and secure his countenance and assistance for the undertaking he projected to the mysterious golden land to the southward. There was a public betrothal which effected the reconciliation. And now Pedrarias could not do enough for Balboa, whom he called his "dear son."

IV.

THE END OF BALBOA.

Balboa therefore proposed to Pedrarias that he should immediately set forth upon the South Sea voyage. Inasmuch as Pedrarias was to be supreme in the New World, and as Balboa was only a provincial governor under him, the old reprobate at last consented.

Balboa decided that four ships, brigantines, would be needed for his expedition. The only timber fit for shipping of which the Spaniards were aware, grew on the eastern side of the Isthmus. It would be necessary, therefore, to cut and work up the frames and timbers of the ships on the eastern side, then carry the material across the Isthmus and there put it together. Vasco Nuñez reconnoitered the ground and decided to start his shipbuilding operations at a new settlement called Acla. The timber when cut and worked had to be carried sixteen miles away to the top of

the mountain, then down the other slope, to a convenient spot on the river Valsa, where the keels were to be laid, the frames put together, the shipbuilding completed and the boats launched on the river, which was navigable to the sea.

This amazing undertaking was carried out as planned. There were two setbacks before the work was completed. In one case, after the frames had been made and carried with prodigious toil to the other side of the mountains, they were discovered to be full of worms and had to be thrown away. After they had been replaced and while the men were building the brigantines, a flood washed every vestige of their labor into the river. But, as before, nothing could daunt Balboa. Finally, after labors and disappointments enough to crush the heart of an ordinary man, two of the brigantines were launched in the river. Most of the carrying had been done by Indians, over two thousand of whom died under the tremendous exactions of the work.

Embarking upon the two brigantines, Balboa soon reached the Pacific, where he was presently joined by the two remaining boats as they were completed. He had now four fairly serviceable ships and three hundred of the best men in the New World under his command. He was well equipped and provisioned for the voyage, and lacked only a little iron and a little pitch, which, of course, would have to be brought to him from Acla on the other side of the Isthmus. The lack of that little iron and that little pitch proved the undoing of Vasco Núñez. If he had been able to obtain them, or if he had sailed away without them, he might have been the conqueror of Peru; in which case that unhappy country would have been spared the hideous excesses and the frightful internal brawls and revolutions which afterward almost ruined it under the long rule of the ferocious Pizarros. Balboa would have done better from a military standpoint than his successors, and as he was a statesman as well as a soldier the results of his policy would have been felt for generations.

History goes on to state that while he was waiting for the pitch and iron, word was brought to him that Pedrarias was to be superseded in his government. This

would have been delightful tidings under any other circumstances, but now that a reconciliation had been patched up between him and the governor, he rightly felt that the arrival of a new governor might materially alter the existing state of affairs. Therefore he determined to send a little party of four adherents across the mountains to Acla to find out if the rumors were true.

If Pedrarias was supplanted, the messengers were to return immediately and without further delay they would at once sail. If Pedrarias was still there, well and good. There would be no occasion for such precipitate action and they could wait for the iron and pitch. He was discussing this matter with some friends on a rainy day in 1517—the month and date not being determinable now. The sentry attached to the governor's quarters, driven to the shelter of the house by the storm, overheard a part of this harmless conversation. There is nothing so dangerous as a half-truth; it is worse than a whole lie. The soldier, who had aforetime felt the weight of Balboa's heavy hand for some dereliction of duty, catching sentences here and there, fancied he detected treachery to Pedrarias and thought he saw an opportunity of revenging himself, and of currying favor with the governor, by reporting it at the first convenient opportunity.

Now, there lived at Acla at the time one Andres Garavito. This man was Balboa's bitter enemy. He had presumed to make dishonorable overtures to Balboa's Indian wife. The woman had indignantly repulsed his advances and had made them known to her husband. Balboa had sternly reproved Garavito and threatened him with death. Garavito had nourished his hatred and had sought opportunity to injure his former captain. The men sent by Balboa to Acla to find out the state of affairs were very maladroit in their maneuvers, and their peculiar actions awakened the suspicions of Pedrarias. The first one who entered the town was seized and cast into prison. The others thereupon came openly to Acla and declared their purpose. This seems to have quieted, temporarily, the suspicions of Pedrarias; but the implacable Garavito, taking this opportunity when the governor's mind was unsettled and hesitant, assured him that Balboa had not the

slightest intention whatever of marrying Pedrarias' daughter; that he was devoted to his Indian wife and intended to remain true to her; that it was his purpose to sail to the South Sea, establish a kingdom and make himself independent of Pedrarias.

The old animosity and anger of the governor awoke on the instant. There was no truth in the accusation except in so far as it regarded Vasco Nuñez's attachment to his Indian wife, and indeed Balboa had never given any public refusal to abide by the marital engagement which he and Pedrarias had entered into; but there was just enough probability to Garavito's tale to carry conviction to the ferocious tyrant. He instantly determined upon Balboa's death. Detaining his envoys, he sent him a very courteous and affectionate letter, entreating him to come to Acla to receive some further instructions before he set forth on the South Sea.

Among the many friends of Balboa was the notary Arguello, who had embarked his fortune in the projected expedition. He prepared a warning to Vasco Nuñez, which unfortunately fell into the hands of Pedrarias and resulted in his being clapped into prison with the rest. Balboa unsuspectingly complied with the governor's request and, attended by a small escort, immediately set forth for Acla.

He was arrested on the way by a company of soldiers headed by Francisco Pizarro—who had nothing to do with the subsequent transactions, and simply acted under orders as any other soldier would have done. Balboa was thrown into prison and heavily ironed. He was tried for treason against the king and Pedrarias. The testimony of the soldier who had listened in the rain-storm was brought forward, and, in spite of a noble defense, Balboa was declared guilty. Espinosa, who was his judge, was so dissatisfied with the verdict, however, that he personally besought Pedrarias to mitigate the sentence. The stern old tyrant refused to interfere, nor would he entertain Balboa's appeal to Spain. "He has sinned," he said, tersely; "death to him!" Four of his companions—three of the men who had been imprisoned at Acla, and the notary who had endeavored to warn him—were also sentenced to death.

It was evening before the preparations for the execution were completed. Balboa faced death as dauntlessly as he had faced life. Pedrarias was hated in Acla and Darien; Balboa was loved. If the veterans of Antigua had not been on the other side of the Isthmus, Balboa would have been rescued. As it was, Pedrarias' troops overawed the people of Acla and the judicial murder went forward.

Balboa was as composed when he mounted the scaffold as he had been when he welcomed Pedrarias. A proclamation was made that he was a traitor, and with his last breath he denied this and asserted his innocence. When the ax fell that severed his head, the noblest Spaniard of his time, and one who ranks with those of any time, was judicially murdered. One after the other, the three companions, equally dauntless, suffered the unjust penalty. The fourth execution had taken place in the swift twilight of the tropic latitude, and the darkness was already closing down upon the town when the last man mounted the scaffold. This was the notary Arguello, who had interfered to save Balboa. He seems to have been beloved by the inhabitants of the town, for they awakened from their horror, and some of consideration among them appealed personally to Pedrarias, who had watched the execution from a latticed window, to relieve the last victim. "He shall die," said the governor, sternly, "if I have to kill him with my own hand."

So, to the future sorrow of America, and to the great diminution of the glory and peace of Spain and the world, passed to his death the gallant, the dauntless, the noble-hearted Balboa. Pedrarias lived until his eighty-ninth year and died in his bed at Panama; which town had been first visited by one of his captains, Tello de Guzman, founded by Espinosa, and upbuilt by himself.

There are times when a belief in an old-fashioned Calvinistic hell of fire and brimstone is an extremely comforting doctrine, irrespective of theological bias. Else how should we dispose of Nero, Tiberius, Torquemada and gentlemen of their stripe? Wherever such a company may be congregated, Pedro Arias de Avila is entitled to a high and exclusive place.



BY HERBERT GEORGE WELLS.

BOOK THREE: THE HARVEST OF THE
FOOD.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.—YOUNG CADDLES IN LONDON.

(Continued.)

In "The Food of the Gods" Mr. Wells has produced a story of thrilling incident, while offering philosophic suggestion that will give employment to the most profound mind. It is "Gulliver's Travels" brought up to the twentieth century. The discovery by two English scientists of a food having the effect that every animal which partakes of it grows to enormous size, results in many curious and extraordinary events. The Food is given to children and gradually spreads to different quarters of the globe, and in the course of time the first of a race of giants grow to manhood and womanhood. They stand for a future race, the product of modern scientific advancement, untrammelled by tradition and obsolete custom. Against them the mass of mankind finds itself compelled to take a stand. No one can tell what the result will be.

III.

WHAT was he seeking? He wanted something which the pigmy world did not give, some end which the pigmy world prevented his attaining, prevented even his seeing clearly, and which he was never to see clearly. It was the whole gigantic social side of this lonely, dumb monster crying out for his race, for the things akin to him, for something he might love and something he might serve, for a purpose he might comprehend and a command he could obey. And, you know, all this was *dumb*, raged dumbly within him; could not even, had he met a fellow giant, have found outlet and expression in speech. All the life he knew was the dull round of the village; all the speech he knew was the talk of the cottage, that failed and collapsed at the bare outline of his least gigantic need. He knew nothing of money, this monstrous simpleton, nothing of trade, nothing of the complex pretenses upon which the social fabric of the little folks was built. He needed, he needed—Whatever he needed, he never found his need. All through the day and the summer night

he wandered, growing hungry but as yet untired, marking the varied traffic of the different streets, the inexplicable businesses of all these infinitesimal beings. For an hour or so he watched people fighting for places in the omnibuses at the end of Piccadilly. He was seen looming over Kennington Oval for some moments in the afternoon, but when he saw these dense thousands were engaged with the mystery of cricket and quite regardless of him, he went his way with a groan.

He came back to Piccadilly Circus between eleven and twelve at night, and found a new sort of multitude. Clearly they were very intent; full of things they, for inconceivable reasons, might do, and of others they might not do. They stared at him and jeered at him and went their way. The cabmen, vulture-eyed, followed one another continually along the edge of the swarming pavement. People emerged from the restaurants or entered them, grave, intent, dignified, or gently and agreeably excited, or keen and vigilant—beyond the cheating of the sharpest waiter born. The great giant, standing at his corner, peered at them all. "What is it

all for?" he murmured, in a mournful, vast undertone. "What is it all for? They are all so earnest. What is it? I do not understand."

And none of them seemed to see as he could do the drink-sodden wretchedness of the painted women at the corner, the ragged misery that sneaked along the gutters, the infinite futility of all this employment. The infinite futility! None of them seemed to feel the shadow of that giant's need, that shadow of the future, that lay athwart their paths.

Across the road, high up, mysterious letters flamed and went, that night, could he have read them, have measured for him the dimensions of human interest, have told him of the fundamental needs and features of life as the little folks conceived it. First would come a flaming "T." Then other letters would follow, until at last there stood complete, across the sky, this cheerful message to all who felt the burden of life's earnestness:

"TUPPER'S TONIC WINE FOR VIGOR."

Snap! and it had vanished into night, to be followed in the same slow development by a second universal solicitude:

"BEAUTY SOAP."

Not, you remark, mere cleansing chemicals, but something, as they say, "ideal." And then, completing the tripod of the little life:

"YANKER'S YELLOW PILLS."

Early in the small hours, it would seem that Caddles came to the shadowy quiet of Regent's Park, stepped over the railings and lay down on a grassy slope near where the people skate in winter-time, and there he slept an hour or so. And about six o'clock in the morning, he was talking to a draggled woman he had found sleeping in a ditch near Hampstead Heath, asking her very earnestly what she thought she was for.

IV.

The wanderings of Caddles about London came to a head on the second day in the morning. For then his hunger overcame him. He hesitated, where the hot, smelling loaves were being tossed into a cart, and then very quietly knelt down and commenced robbery. He emptied the cart, while the baker's man fled for the police,

and then his great hand came into the shop and cleared counter and cases. Then with an armful, still eating, he went his way, looking for another shop to go on with his meal. It happened to be one of those seasons when work is scarce and food dear, and the crowd in that quarter were sympathetic even with a giant who took the food they all desired. They applauded the second phase of his meal, and laughed at his stupid grimace at the policeman.

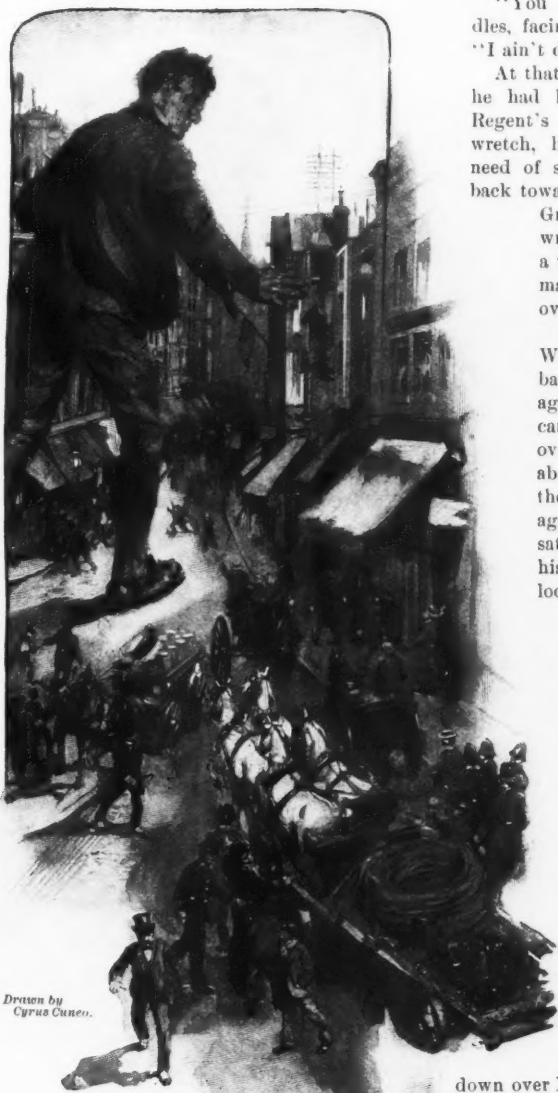
"I woff hungry," he said, with his mouth full.

"Bravo!" cried the crowd. "Bravo!"

Then, when he was beginning his third baker's shop, he was stopped by half a dozen policemen hammering with truncheons at his shins. "Look here, my fine giant, you come along o' me," said the officer in charge. "You ain't allowed away from home like this. You come off home with me." They did their best to arrest him. There was a huge dray, I am told, chasing up and down the streets at that time, bearing rolls of chain and ship's cable to play the part of handcuffs in that great arrest. There was no intention then of killing him. "He is no party to the plot," Caterham had said. "I will not have innocent blood upon my hands;" and added, "until everything else has been tried."

At first, Caddles did not understand the import of these attentions. When he did, he told the policemen not to be fools, and set off in great strides that left them all behind. The bakers' shops had been in the Harrow Road, and he went through canal London, to St. John's Wood, and sat down in a private garden there, to pick his teeth and be speedily assailed by another posse of constables.

"You lea' me alone," he growled, and slouched through the gardens—spoiling several lawns and kicking down a fence or so, while the energetic little policemen followed him up, some through the gardens, some along the road in front of the houses. Here there were one or two with guns, but they made no use of them. When he came out into the Edgeware Road, there were a new note and a new movement in the crowd, and a mounted policeman rode over his foot and got upset for his pains.



Drawn by
Cyrus Cuneen.

"THERE WAS A HUGE
DRAY, I AM TOLD, CHASING
UP AND DOWN THE STREETS
... BEARING ROLLS OF
CHAIN AND SHIP'S CABLE TO
PLAY THE PART OF HAND-
CUFFS IN THAT GREAT
ARREST."

"You lea' me alone," said Caddles, facing the breathless crowd. "I ain't done anything to you."

At that time he was unarmed, for he had left his chalk-chopper in Regent's Park. But now, poor wretch, he seems to have felt the need of some weapon. He turned back toward the goods-yard of the

Great Western Railway, wrenched up the standard of a tall arc-light, a formidable mace for him, and flung it over his shoulder.

He wandered as far as Waltham, and then turned back westward and then again toward London, and came by the cemeteries and over the crest of Highgate, about midday, into view of the greatness of the city again. He turned aside and sat down in a garden, with his back to a house that overlooked all London. He was

breathless, and his face was lowering, and now the people no longer crowded upon him as they had done when first he came to London, but lurked in the adjacent garden and peeped from cautious securities. They knew by now that the thing was grimmer than they had thought. "Why can't they lea' me alone?" growled young Caddles. "I *mus'* eat. Why can't they lea' me alone?"

He sat with a darkling face, gnawing at his knuckles and looking down over London. All the fatigue, worry, perplexity and impotent wrath of his wanderings was coming to a head in him. "They mean nothing," he whispered. "They mean nothing. And they *won't* let me alone, and they *will* get in my way." And again, over and over to himself, "Meanin' nothing. Ugh! the little people!"

He bit harder at his knuckles and his scowl deepened. "Cuttin' chalk for 'em," he whispered. "And all the world is theirs! I don't come in nowhere."

Presently, with a spasm of sick anger, he saw the now familiar form of a policeman astride the garden wall.

"Leave me alone," grunted the giant. "Leave me alone."

"I got to do my duty," said the little policeman, with a face that was white and resolute.

"You lea' me alone. I got to live as well as you. I got to think. I got to eat. You lea' me alone."

"It's the law," said the little policeman, coming no farther. "We never made the law."

"Nor me," said young Caddles. "You little people made all that before I was born. You and your law! What I must and what I mustn't! No food for me to eat unless I work—a slave, no rest, no shelter, nothin', and you tell me——"

"I ain't got no business with that," said the policeman. "I'm not one to argue. All I got to do is to carry out the law." And he brought his second leg over the wall and seemed disposed to get down. Other policemen appeared behind him.

"I got no quarrel with *you*—mind," said young Caddles, with his grip tight upon his huge mace of iron, his face pale, and a lank explanatory great finger to the policeman. "I got no quarrel with you. But—you lea' me alone."

The policeman tried to be calm and commonplace, with a monstrous tragedy clear before his eyes. "Give me the proclamation," he said to some unseen follower, and a little white paper was handed to him.

"Lea' me alone," said Caddles, scowling, tense and drawn together.

"This means," said the policeman before he read, "go 'ome. Go 'ome to your chalk-pit. If not, you'll be hurt."

Caddles gave an inarticulate growl.

Then, when the proclamation had been read, the officer made a sign. Four men with rifles came into view and took up positions of affected ease along the wall. They wore the uniform of the rat police. At the sight of the guns, young Caddles blazed into anger. He remembered the sting of the Wreckstone farmers' shotguns. "You going to shoot off those at me?" he said, pointing, and it seemed to the officer he must be afraid.

"If you don't march back to your pit——"

Then, in an instant, the officer had slung himself back over the wall, and fifty feet above him the great electric standard whirled down to his death. Bang, bang, bang, went the heavy guns; and smash! the shattered wall, the soil and subsoil of the garden, flew. Something flew with it, that left red drops in one of the shooters' hands. The riflemen dodged this way and that, and turned valiantly to fire again. But young Caddles, already shot twice through the body, had spun about to find who it was had hit him so heavily in the back. Bang! Bang! He had a vision of houses and greenhouses and gardens, of people dodging at windows, the whole swaying fearfully and mysteriously. He seems to have made three stumbling strides, to have raised and dropped his huge mace, and to have clutched his chest. He was stung and wrenched by pain.

What was this, warm and wet, on his hand?

One man peering from a bedroom window saw his face, saw him staring, with a grimace of weeping dismay, at the blood upon his hand, and then his knees bent under him, and he came crashing to the earth, the first of the giant nettles to fall to Caterham's resolute clutch, the very last that he had reckoned would come into his hand.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.—REDWOOD'S TWO DAYS.

I.

AS soon as Caterham knew that the moment for grasping his nettle had come, he took the law into his own hands and sent to arrest Cossar and Redwood.

Redwood was there for the taking. He had been undergoing an operation in the side, and the doctors had kept all disturbing things from him until his convalescence was assured. Now they had released him. He was just out of bed,

sitting in a fire-warmed room, with a heap of newspapers about him, reading for the first time of the agitation that had swept the country into the hands of Caterham and of the trouble that was darkening over the princess and his son. It was in the morning of the day when young Caddles died, and when the policeman tried to stop young Redwood on his way to the princess. The latest newspapers that Redwood had did but vaguely prefigure these imminent things. He was rereading these first adumbrations of disaster with a sinking heart, reading the shadow of death more and more perceptibly into them, reading to occupy his mind until further news should come. When the officers followed the servant into his room, he looked up eagerly.

"I thought it was an early evening paper," he said.

Then standing up, and with a swift change of manner: "What's this?" . . .

After that Redwood had no news of anything for two days.

They had come with a vehicle to take him away, but when it became evident that he was ill, it was decided to leave him for a day or so until he could be safely removed, and his house was taken over by the police and converted into a temporary prison. It was the same house in which Giant Redwood had been born and in which Herakleophorbia had for the first time been given to a human being, and Redwood had now been a widower and had lived alone in it eight years.

He had become an iron-gray man, with a little pointed gray beard and still active brown eyes. He was as slender and soft-voiced as he had ever been, but his features had now that indefinable quality that comes of brooding over mighty things. To the arresting officer his appearance was in impressive contrast to the enormity of his offenses. "Here's this feller," said the officer in command to his next subordinate, "has done his level best to bust up everything, and 'e's got a face like a quiet country gentleman; and 'ere's Judge Hang-brow keepin' everything nice and in order for every one, and 'e's got a 'ead like a 'og. Then their manners! One all consideration, and the other snort and grunt."

But his praise of Redwood's consider-

ation was presently dashed. The officers found him troublesome at first, until they had made it clear that it was useless for him to ask questions or beg for papers. They made a sort of inspection of his study, indeed, and cleared away even the papers he had. Redwood's voice was high and expostulatory. "But don't you see," he said over and over again, "it's my son—my only son, that is in this trouble. It isn't the Food I care for, but my son."

"I wish indeed I could tell you, sir," said the officer. "But our orders are strict."

"Who gave the orders?" cried Redwood.

"Ah, that, sir——" said the officer, and moved toward the door.

"'E's going up and down 'is room," said the second officer, when his superior came down. "That's all right. 'E'll walk it off a bit."

"I hope 'e will," said the chief officer.

"The fact is, I didn't see it in that light before, but this here giant what's been going on with the princess, you know, is this man's son."

It became evident that Redwood had still imperfectly apprehended the fact that an iron curtain had dropped between him and the outer world. They heard him go to the door, and try the handle and rattle the lock, and then the voice of the officer who was stationed on the landing telling him it was no good to do that. Then afterward they heard him at the windows and saw the men outside looking up. "It's no good that way," said the second officer. Then Redwood began upon the bell. The senior officer went up and explained very patiently that it could do no good to ring the bell like that, and if it was rung for nothing now it might have to be disregarded presently when he had need of something. "Any reasonable attendance, sir," the officer said. "But if you ring it just by way of protest, we shall be obliged, sir, to disconnect."

The last word the officer heard was Redwood's high-pitched—"But at least you might tell me if my son——"

II.

After that, Redwood spent most of his time at the windows.

But the windows offered him little of the march of events outside. It was a quiet street at all times, and that day it was unusually quiet; scarcely a cab, scarcely a tradesman's cart, passed all that morning. Now and then men went by—without any distinctive air of events—now and then a little group of children, a nursemaid and a woman going shopping, and so forth. They came on the stage right or left, up or down the street, with an exasperating suggestion of indifference to any concerns more spacious than their own; they would discover the police-guarded house with amazement, and exit in the opposite direction, where the great trusses of a giant hydrangea hung across the pavement, staring back or pointing. Now and then a man would come and ask one of the policemen a question and get a curt reply.

Opposite, the houses seemed dead. A housemaid appeared once at a bedroom window and stared for a space, and it occurred to Redwood to signal to her. For a time she watched his gestures as if with interest and made a vague response to them, then looked over her shoulder suddenly and turned and went away. An old man hobbled out of No. 37 and came down the steps and went off to the right, altogether without looking up.

With such events that interminable momentous morning lengthened out.

About twelve, there came a bawling of news-vendors from the adjacent road, but it passed. Contrary to their wont, they left Redwood's street alone, and a suspicion dawned upon him that the police were guarding the end of the street. He tried to open the window, but this brought a policeman into the room forthwith.

The clock of the parish church struck twelve; and, after an abyss of time—one.

They mocked him with lunch.

He ate a mouthful and tumbled the food about a little in order to get it taken away, drank freely of whisky, and then took a chair and went back to the window. The minutes expanded into gray immensities, and for a time perhaps he slept.

He woke with a vague impression of remote concussions. He perceived a rattling of the windows like the quiver of an earthquake, that lasted for a minute or so and

died away. Then after a silence it returned. Then it died away again.

After a time, he began to doubt whether he had heard this sound.

He began to reason interminably with himself. Why, after all, was he seized? Caterham had been in office two days—just long enough to grasp his nettle! Grasp his nettle! Grasp his giant nettle! The refrain, once started, sang through his mind and would not be dismissed.

What, after all, could Caterham do? He was a religious man. He was bound in a sort of way by that not to do violence without a cause.

Grasp his nettle! Perhaps, for example, the princess was to be seized and sent abroad. There might be trouble with his son. In which case——! But why had he been arrested? Why was it necessary to keep him in ignorance of a thing like that? The thing suggested—something more extensive.

Perhaps, for example, they meant to lay all the giants by the heels! They were all to be arrested together.

No doubt they had got Cossar also.

Caterham was a religious man. Redwood clung to that. The back of his mind was a black curtain, and on that curtain there came and went a word—a word written in letters of fire. He struggled perpetually against that word. It was always, as it were, beginning to get written on the curtain and never getting completed. He faced it at last. "Massacre!" There was the word in its full brutality.

No! No! No! It was impossible! Caterham was a religious man, a civilized man. And besides—after all these years, after all these hopes!

Redwood sprang up; he paced the room. He spoke to himself; he shouted, "No!"

Mankind was surely not so mad as that—surely not! It was impossible, it was incredible, it could not be. What good would it do to kill the giant human when the gigantic in all the lower things had now inevitably come? They could not be so mad as that!

"I must dismiss such an idea," he said aloud; "dismiss such an idea! Absolutely!"

He pulled up short. What was that?

Certainly the windows had rattled. He

went to look out into the street. Opposite, he saw the instant confirmation of his ears. At a bedroom at No. 35 was a woman, towel in hand, and at the dining-room of No. 37 a man was visible behind a vase of hypertrophied maidenhair fern, both staring out and up, both disquieted and curious. He could now see quite clearly, too, that the policeman on the pavement had heard it also. The thing was not his imagination.

He turned to the darkling room.

"Guns," he said.

He brooded. "Guns?"

They brought him in strong tea, such as he was accustomed to have. It was evident that his house-keeper had been taken into consultation. After drinking it, he was too restless to sit any longer at the window, and he paced the room. His mind became more capable of consecutive thought.

The room had been his study for four-and-twenty years. It had been furnished at his marriage and all the essential equipment dated from then—the large complex writing-desk, the rotating chair, the easy-chair at the fire, the rotating bookcase, the fixture of indexed pigeon-holes that filled the farther recess. The vivid Turkey carpet, the later Victorian rugs and curtains, had mellowed now to a rich dignity of effect, and copper and brass shone warm about the open fire. Electric lights had replaced the lamp of former days; that was the chief alteration in the original



Drawn by Cyrus Cuneo.
"THE GREAT ELECTRIC STANDARD WHIRLED DOWN TO HIS DEATH."

equipment. But among these things his connection with the Food had left abundant traces. Along one wall, above the dado, ran a crowded array of black-framed photographs and photogravures showing his son and Cossar's sons and others of the Boom-children at various ages and amidst various surroundings. Even young Caddles' vacant visage had its place in that collection. In the corner stood a sheaf of the tassels of gigantic meadow-grass from Cheasing Eye-bright, and on the desk there lay three empty poppy-heads as big as hats. The curtain-rods were grass stems. And the tremendous skull of the great hog of Oakham hung as an ivory overmantel, snout above the fire.

It was to the photographs that Redwood went, and in particular to the photographs of his son.

They brought back countless memories of things that had passed out of his mind —of the early days of the Food, of Ben-sington's timid presence, of his Cousin Jane, of Cossar and the night-work at the Experimental Farm. These things came to him now very little and bright and distinct, like things seen through a telescope on a sunny day. And then there were the giant nursery, the giant childhood, the young giant's first effort to speak, his first clear signs of affection.

It flowed in on him, irresistibly, overwhelmingly, that outside there, outside this accursed silence and mystery, his son and Cossar's sons and all these glorious first fruits of a greater age were even now —fighting. Fighting for life! Even now his son might be in some dismal quandary, cornered, wounded, overcome.

He swung away from the pictures and went up and down the room gesticulating. "It cannot be," he cried, "it cannot be. It cannot end like that!"

That terrible cry, that has been wrung many times from human lips, and is yet to be heard innumerable times before the wider reasons come! "It cannot end like that!"

"What was that?"

He stopped, stricken rigid.

The trembling of the windows had begun again, and then had come a thud—a vast concussion that shook the house. The concussion seemed to last for an age. It must have been very near. For a moment it seemed that something had struck the

house above him. After the enormous impact that broke into a tinkle of falling glass, there was a stillness that ended with a sound of running feet in the street below.

Those feet released him from his rigor. He turned toward the window and saw it starred and broken.

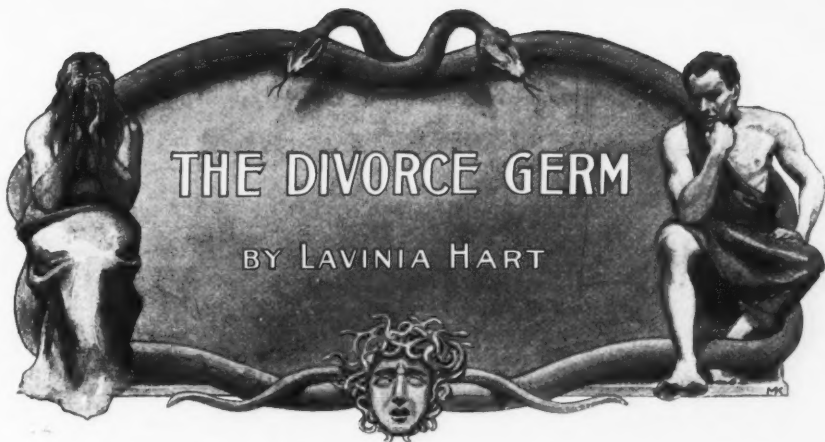
His heart beat high with a sense of crisis, of conclusive occurrence, of release. And then again, his realization of impotent confinement fell about him like a curtain!

He could see nothing outside except that the lamp opposite was not lighted, he could hear nothing after the first suggestion of a wide alarm. He could add nothing to interpret or enlarge that mystery except that presently there came a reddish fluctuating brightness in the sky toward the southeast.

This light waxed and waned. When it waned, he doubted if it had ever waxed. It had crept upon him very gradually with the darkling. It became the predominant fact in his long night of suspense. Sometimes it seemed to him that it had the quiver one associates with dancing flames, at others he fancied it was no more than the normal reflection of the evening lights. It waxed and waned through the long hours, and vanished at last only when it was submerged altogether under the rising tide of dawn. Did it mean—? What could it mean? Almost certainly it was some sort of fire, near or remote, but he could not even tell whether it was smoke or cloud-drift that streamed across the sky. But about one o'clock there began a flickering of searchlights athwart that ruddy tumult, a flickering that continued throughout the rest of the night. That, too, might mean many things! What could it mean? What did it mean? Just this stained unrestful sky he had, and the suggestion of a huge explosion, to occupy his mind that night. There came no further sounds, no further running, nothing but a shouting that might have been only the distant efforts of drunken men.

All night Redwood remained at his window peering up at the ambiguous drift of the sky, and only with the coming of the dawn did he obey his fatigue and lie down upon the bed they had prepared for him between his writing-desk and the sinking fire in the fireplace under the great hog's skull.

(To be continued.)



THERE are those who are impervious to the divorce germ. They are the men and women of character, who choose and marry character, and whose lives are an unfoldment of that joint character, strong, fearless, individual, and secure in the power to meet and master the world's opinions and conditions. These are they whom God doth join and whom no man can put asunder. The world calls them affinities; but affinity is just this: to be wise and choose wisely, to be honest and live honorably, to expect little and give much.

The opinion prevails that fate has charge of the affinities and doles them out according to caprice. But affinities are made, not born. Ourselves, our environment, our lives, are what we make them. We have all the materials there are; all the time there is. We may have all the talents that exist, for the willing of them; and any result we want, for the fashioning of it. Also, we may have any result we do not want, for the lack of purpose and capacity to institute a goal.

So long as men and women marry with inferior motives, or with no motive except the novelty of being married, they are going to reap results which they do not want. We cannot marry for money, title, position, power or caprice, to realize love and devotion and character and high ideals. Neither can we choose blindfold and trust to luck to supply the congenial temperament. We do not invest our money without looking into the merits of our purchase: why will we so carelessly choose husbands and wives, investing our life's happiness

and content, with no knowledge of the temperament and character which we are binding to our own? The horror of divorce is not so much the theme that should be burned upon the intelligence of men and maidens, as the sacredness and everlasting closeness of marriage, and the fearfulness of entering into it unfortified by understanding love and entire congeniality.

Even under the most propitious conditions, the distinct individuality of each will furnish need for forbearance and opportunity for discipline. Marriage is an institution wherein the ideal and the practical meet, and they either merge or clash according to the tools and touch of the husbands and wives who handle them.

And the touch is no mean factor. Sometimes, given all the tools of love and congeniality, things still go wrong.

It is largely the fault of the age, with its insatiable hunger and thirst for more. The spreading of divorce is due to the betterment of the individual and the worsening of society. It is the progress of human nature that makes it ambitious for wholesome things and impatient of vicious bonds; and it is the debasement of society that frequently makes those bonds vicious. It is the departure from regular living and rigid scruples of earlier days that has changed our viewpoint; it is the fever for glitter and show that has robbed our homes of sincerity and simplicity; it is the rush for acquisition with its accompanying pomp and luxury and lust that has robbed our society of wholesome intercourse and

straightforward relations. Our young married people break their backs beneath the burden of competition, and break their hearts by the crowding of these yearnings at the cost of every better impulse. The dollar not only is the financial standard, but has come to be the moral, mental and physical standard as well. The value of the home to-day consists in how much has been spent upon it. Its power for influence or individuality means little to modern society. The worth of an entertainment is the expenditure it represents. Our host provides rare entrées on costly plates, rather than wit and wisdom and the flow of good will that are deservedly the portion of each man from his fellows—particularly from those of his fellows who summon him to their hearths. Genuine hospitality is not an exhibition of fine paintings and bronzes, of rare rugs and costly fabrics. It does not consist in silk-stockinged footmen, nor strawberries out of season, nor vintages of old wine. To a certain degree, these things do honor a guest; but to a greater degree they pamper the host's vulgar pride in display. The grandest hospitality is evidenced, not in splendor, but in sincerity. Neither quantity nor quality of food and drink and service can compensate for lack of sympathy, culture, truth, harmony and the pure atmosphere that comes of straight and simple living. At that board where the welcome rings with true sincerity, where the best that is in us comes forth to the call of kindred minds, where wit and wisdom flow with assurance of perfect accord, and our aims rise higher and clearer by contact with clean, sweet thought, there hospitality floods the cup to its brim; an earthen service will seem fair, and humble food will be as morsels of the gods.

The home which generates happiness is the home which stands as the expression of a purpose; wherein every member is striving to reach a standard, to fulfil an aim; wherein every hour is valued for its possibilities, not dreaded for its ennui; wherein the sweetness and fulness of living are increased by simple tastes, considerate manners, high thought and wholesome act. Nor are these simpler lives lacking in fulness. Happiness does not consist in the number of enjoyments crowded into a life's space, but in the depth and intensity of

our power to enjoy—which power to enjoy is intensified by mutual enjoyment.

Husbands and wives who are congenial rarely cease to be lovers. Having kindred tastes and tendencies, they progress along the same lines—and progress is the sustenance of love. When people cease to progress, their love ceases to grow; and when love ceases to grow, it lessens. Life is movement, and nothing remains fixed. We advance or recede. The years bind husband and wife together until their union is literally perfected, or else widen the differences between them until union is a mockery of galling bonds.

There is one means for the cultivation and continuance of congeniality. It is entire confidence. With love as the motive-power, and complete confidence to help toward knowing one another's hopes, fears, tastes and antipathies, a high state of sympathy can be developed. Men and women must be wholly frank with one another if they would know the faith and trust on which marital happiness rests. It is the lack of these which makes jealousy, and frequently the cause for it, possible. Withholding confidence, however innocently, means telling only part of the truth; and failure to tell the whole truth is deception. Out of these lesser deceptions the grosser deceptions become possible. The smallest confidence withheld constitutes a breach which the wise husband or wife will avoid. The elements of society are sudden and violent, penetrating scarcely visible crevices, and sundering them until repair becomes impossible.

One of the practical though very necessary bases of confidence is the matter of money. It would be hard to reckon, and we would be loath to acknowledge, how many promising marriages have been wrecked by this grossly material hitch. The success of the ideal depends upon the law and order and system with which we maintain the practical. There are strong ties between clean lives and clean linens, polished manners and polished pantries, wholesome temper and wholesome food. Too many women ignore the business department of loving; too many men ignore the fact that no business can be properly conducted without sufficient capital. The conduct of a household is like any banking

business: you cannot take out unless you put in. Neither is all the business of the concern apparent at the tellers' windows. Gigantic forces are at work manipulating and improving funds. So in the home, every energy must be employed toward the proper investment of family funds. The wife must turn money into food and drink and service, into cleanliness and comfort, with system and order so true that their working makes no noise, with reckoning so exact that no item is left uncovered. To do this, she must be sure of her resources. She must know just what they will amount to and just what ground they must cover. The man who allows his wife a stipulated income for their home and herself, asking only results and not a record of the means to them, makes a wise investment of his money and a long stride toward conjugal happiness. His home will be well conducted, his wife will be well dressed, and practical conditions will be converted into an aid, rather than a hindrance.

Women like the handling of money. They enjoy paying the bills as well as incurring them; and it is a strange but well-proved fact that the woman with an income, in whom a certain amount of responsibility is reposed, will have very much more to show for her expenditures than the woman who runs up bills.

She also will have superior temperament. Material meanness communicates itself to the moral nature. The man who limits his wife's resources until she is reduced to stinginess and scraping, narrows her spiritual nature and in time makes her as selfish as himself.

There are women who abuse the confidence of a money trust, whose extravagance and shiftlessness discourage their husbands with debt. But these women are greatly in the minority, and usually the initial cause has been the lack of a thorough financial understanding. The majority of women are quick to respond to the call of unselfishness; and mutual unselfishness yields a quick and sure harvest of mutual happiness.

Give and take is the principle for happiness, with an accent on the give. The happiest moments of our lives, the moments whose recollection never fails to bring a glow to our memory, are those in which, through our unselfishness, we made

some other being glad. If more men and women were bending their efforts toward making their wives and husbands happy, they would have less time to dwell upon their own misery, and less inclination to seek divorce.

We are victims of self-love. If all the disease and misery in the world were properly diagnosed and sifted to first causes, we should find most of it classed as "selfitis."

Nervous prostration and nervous dyspepsia are direct results of self-thought and self-interest; every contagious disease is made possible to us through fear for our personal safety; and low mental condition and spiritual depression are due to fussing over our own unfortunate circumstances. There is more health in self-forgetfulness than in the combined drugs of the earth, and more happiness in self-adjustment than in the realization of all our present wishes.

Happiness is not fenced off in certain spaces of the earth, to which we must fight or pray to gain admittance. It is all around us—over us, under us, in us—or it is nowhere. And while untoward conditions may affect the degree of our happiness and make its expression less easy, they cannot conquer so long as the spirit of happiness lives within us. We need to realize that happiness does not consist in gettings but givings. If the thoughtless (otherwise selfish) husband will pledge to forget himself and cater for one week to his wife's comfort and content, it will prove the happiest period of his life. If the passive (otherwise self-centered) wife will view love less as a sacrifice to be laid at her feet, and more as a mutual blessing, she may discover why her dreams of conjugal happiness have not come true.

It is not written that woman shall be the aggressor in love; but the woman won is different from the woman wooed. The status of courtship days, when the man is all ardor and aggression and the woman all archness and tolerance, is changed by marriage to a status of equal ground. Men like a little wooing. They have just as much sentiment as women have; and they are better men according as that sentiment is respected and developed. Our homes are better homes for an active spirit of loving, and marriage ties are welded closer

by demonstrative affection. It is an inconceivably short distance from seeming coldness to coldness, from these to indifference, from indifference to antipathy. In married life two people confront all the practical conditions that exist—conditions that clamor and protrude. If the love on which their union is based be not equally active and assertive, circumstances are bound to get the upper hand.

One of the elementary causes of marital unhappiness is that men and women do not realize and respect the difference between romantic love and conjugal love. The divorce germ's busiest season is during the first year of married life. Then it is that husbands and wives are adjusting themselves to new conditions, or being severed by them.

Almost any kind of love will weather the storms of dinners, dances, operas, flowers and congratulations that precede marriage; but it takes love with body to it to weather the storms that come thereafter. Romantic love is pretty and poetic, and dazzling with prophecy and promise. Conjugal love is a golden harvest of fulfillment. It is calm and deep and reliant, and founded on bases that endure. It is not whipped by jealousy, but grows by faith that is absolute and a knowledge of utter possession.

Forbearance is one of the first lessons of conjugal love, and self-control is its golden text—which golden text will be an aid toward interpreting all of life's lessons.

To constitutionally choleric people, self-control is no easy acquirement; but there is no one who cannot attain it by persistent effort. And its gains are worth the struggle. It is the self-controlled one who wins the argument, or the battle, or whatever may be his cause; it is the self-controlled one who saves himself the humiliation of apologies—for he speaks no word that he shall regret; it is the self-controlled one who attains to the poise that makes men leaders of men; and it is this same self-controlled one who acquires not only beauty and strength and character, but physical beauty and health. When men and women apply the law of self-control to their daily living, they will have touched upon a fountain of perpetual youth. To check the impulses of anger, grief and

hypersensitiveness means the sparing of nerves, the saving of vital energy, the warding off of ugly facial lines. It means more. Self-control stands not only for exterior repose, but for interior harmony; and interior harmony is the mainspring of beauty and health.

Too many of us regard health from a purely physical standpoint. Health has a moral, an ethical and a spiritual import. The lack of it frequently is both the direct and the indirect means of breaking up homes. The wife and mother who is the happy possessor of good health gives a healthy tone to all of her household régime. Her vital influence tells upon everything, from the actual total of work done and the system with which it is accomplished, to the more subtle effect upon the home's environment and the atmosphere of optimism that prevails.

Continued low physical condition produces an ebb in the temperamental condition with slow but sure resulting dissatisfaction, dissension, disaster. One of the best aids to happy, harmonious married life is to live in the open and breathe deep. You rarely find a healthy man with a chip on his shoulder. You rarely find a healthy woman looking for trouble. It is in moments of physical weariness or depression that the pride is stung or the lip quivers from unintended hurts—the phantom hurts that lead the way to real ones. We brew our own drafts and balk when they are bitter. The chord which delights or the discord which jars more often is the echo of notes that we have struck. So much of our life's color depends upon our own brush; which is not a matter of details of word or deed, nor of checking this vice and implanting that virtue. That which needs our attention is the spirit which prompts this vice or this virtue. The motive is what counts, and the sincerity with which we apply the will of that motive to every act.

What will it avail to warn unsuccessful wives not to wear wrappers or curl-papers or sullen looks; or to reason with husbands who are failures that they must sign pledges, or cease beating their wives, or get home before breakfast? These things mean more than a wrong to be righted. Trying again is futile if trying again be only to refrain from some particular wrong

that has caused disruption. That wrong means something more than deception or brutality or a drunken spree. It means a wearing away at the foundations of love and truth and honor. It means that the time has come to get beneath surface difficulties and discover just how much love and sincerity remain to form the basis for a fresh start.

There are two ways to correct the error of a bad marriage. One is divorce, or the readjustment of conditions; the other is the readjustment of ourselves to conditions as they exist.

The former course is attended with penalties so severe as to make it impossible to many, and a last resource at best. Scandal, notoriety, humiliation, the breaking of a home that has been dear, the wrecking of lives—these things weigh heavily against the advantage of divorce. What of the other way?

In all states and conditions of life, difficulties must be met and compassed. What use to shirk this set of unfortunate circumstances for the certainty of new ones, and the possibility that the new ones may be worse? Is it not simpler and more profitable to mold our own temperaments to endurance, and to build up our own characters until their scope and power can successfully master untoward conditions? Not every evil will succumb to good, and there are darkneses too deep and vast to be dispelled by a ray of light. But these are rare cases; and behind them may be causes invisible to casual eyes. Sometimes the good is not strong enough, or the light sufficiently penetrating; sometimes despair comes just before the victory; and sometimes—though these be rare times—this good or this light is not the ammunition that can destroy this particular evil or darkness, and the efforts of all eternity would be unavailing.

We are human beings in a human world, and in our judgments and our doings we are bound to err. If we could read minds and fathom souls, we might be able to find the people, the work and the environment that would constitute our affinity—and we then would be great as God himself. It is the human in us that leads to our mistakes; the divine within us acknowledges and corrects them. If we do not always

know the best means for correction, conscience, which is the spirit of divinity in man, will help us. Conscience, and the sincere desire to follow in the right way, sooner or later will make the right way clear.

Our strength is in faith—faith in our own good intent; faith in the good that somewhere lies hidden in every human heart; faith in the good and utility of the human life; faith in the ultimate right of all things; and faith in the omnipotence and justice of the power which rules the universe. Out of such faith is courage born—the courage to hope and to persevere, and eventually to conquer. It is better to do a great deal more, rather than a trifle less, than our duty. Though such a course may seem a loss of time which were better spent in renewed hope and happiness, every effort is developing character, every forbearance is adding to the store of enduring power.

Above the laws of human making, divine laws are at work; laws great in justice and magnificent in unerring fulfillment. The soul that knows them is great and calm and reliant. It is strong in its belief in the inevitable, ultimate good. The sum of our lives is computed by the laws of compensation. We draw no waste figures; either good or bad, all add to or subtract from the great total. Our insight is human and short, and we cannot see beyond material blessings. Yet these same material blessings depend upon spiritual conditions—upon the energy that grows with persistent right effort and reliance that grows with continued faith in God.

The man or the woman placed between the horror of divorce and that of loveless, hopeless, mistaken marriage need waste no time in fretting over the right course or the wrong; need only obey the best instinct that is in him, follow the dictates of that instinct with unaltering faith, believing that "He will not quench the smoking flax, nor break the bruised reed." If life seems wrecked and hopes seem shattered, cling fast to what remains. Cling with all the endurance you possess; there is more where that much comes from. And when the last spar disappears, do not fear that you will drown. The face of God will rise above the troubled

waters, and the way will be clear and sure.

All roads lead to good, as all rivers run eventually to the sea. There is good in every condition; if it be obscure, the time is not yet ripe. Sin and suffering have their uses, as crows and crocodiles have theirs. "Can good come out of Nazareth?" asked the people of Israel; and the answer was Christ. Sin and suffering are essential in this human world; not only as the result of humanity, but as the means to divinity.

The surest way to high character is by the purging, purifying influence of suffering. The loathing of evil creates the love and desire for virtue; the pangs of poverty spur us on to attainment and honest acquisition; the bed of illness breeds respect for the laws of health; and sorrow sounds a depth in our natures which lets joy sink deeper when it comes. To shirk the means which shall make us competent to know higher happiness—even though they be cruel means—is to cheat ourselves.

As with the individual, so it is with society. Divorce, with all the broken hearts and ruined lives it carries in its trail, is a cruel means to sincere and simpler conditions. But if conditions be vile, the means to betterment must be violent. Bloody wars have been needed to lift the oppression of peoples and the wrongs of nations. Is divorce the war and the plague that shall lift the veil of complexity and immorality from social conditions? Is divorce the means by which we not only shall eradicate immoral environment in unhappy homes and turn dormant talents into active influences for good; but through whose terrible example we shall decrease the future ratio of unhappy homes, by setting higher standards for husbands and wives, by developing greater awe and reverence for the estate of marriage, and by entering into it on no meaner basis than entire congeniality and reciprocated love?

With regard to the individual right to break the marriage bond, only the individual conscience can decide that. None but the individual himself is in a position to know which way his highest moral duty lies. None other can judge whether he be qualified to lift the wreck, or whether he too

shall be sucked under for his pains. Even the individual conscience, the highest human censor, sometimes loses its compass in the conflict with selfish desire and inferior motives; but as the navigator whose compass is gone waits for the signs of nature, so must the conscience whose compass is gone wait for the signs of God, which evidence themselves in the better human nature, in truth and humility and honesty of purpose, casting out doubt and clearly shaping the way.

God intended us to be happy. It is the goal of the human life. Every act of a man's life is a better or worse attempt to achieve his happiness. By divers ways he seeks it—money, fame, glory, station, power, pomp, position, lust—all of them more or less futile, because the human way is the imperfect way; but it all aims, even though the means be cheap and small, toward the fulfilment of that which is great and grand—the first God-given instinct to mankind—the desire for happiness. As the man develops, his means to happiness will be nobler and better; and his ways will be honest ways. He will be honest with himself and judge justly his methods.

And the sincere and honest way may be the pleasant way. Duty does not always lie by rugged roads. Only the constant shirking and disliking of our duty makes us so regard the conduct of things. There are rewards as well as races; and the optimist knows that the right way is not of necessity one of crosses.

I honor the man or the woman who suffers and sacrifices for the forlorn hope; who grits his teeth when his courage is waning; who smiles and is brave when his heart is sinking; who shoulders the burden when his strength is failing. Such are earth's martyrs.

And I honor that martyr who, having suffered all pain, borne all sorrow, conscientiously self-sacrificed and tried every honest means, recognizes the dead hope and the justification which has slain it; who is convinced of the sanction of God and of the better human nature; who sets a new star of hope in a new firmament, and, deaf to the cries and the criticism of the multitude, has the courage to lift his feet from the mud and follow the new light. Such are earth's heroes.

A FEMININE STANDARD

BY
OWEN OLIVER



ONE judges a woman by a feminine standard. Cousin Frances—otherwise “Dr. Frank Holland, M.D., B.S.”—insisted on being masculine. That was why I did not altogether approve of her.

Despite my partial disapproval, we were very good friends. There was a time when I harbored a doubtful idea that we might be something more; but she gave me to understand that there was to be “no man and woman nonsense” between us.

After she had practised for two or three years with marked success, the family came to accept her masculinity. Uncle William alone persisted in regarding her as a girl. He was a gentle old creature, born centuries after his time. He would have made an admirable medieval saint. As a modern man of business he was not a great success. He made a certain amount of money, it is true, but he gave it all away. Except Frances, he had helped all the family in turn; and we all looked up to him—except Frances. She described him as “a silly old man,” and declared that she had no patience with him. There were many things that she hadn’t patience with.

Just before Christmas, 1902, when I was abroad, Uncle William had a severe attack of influenza. His managing clerk, whom he had befriended against all advice, took the opportunity to disappear. The year’s profits disappeared with him, and the accounts were left in a horrible mess. I came back directly I heard of it, and spent my evenings for a month getting things straight; but I found the business practi-

cally ruined. The liabilities exceeded the assets by some five hundred pounds, and there was not enough coming in to keep him decently. So I paid off the creditors and added a trifle to the incomings. Nobody suspected me but Frances. She was very clever—too clever for a woman. She was also very blunt—too blunt for a man!

“It is a fool who helps a fool,” she said.

“There is honor among fools,” I told her.

“He would have helped me any time.”

“Honor begins at home,” she retorted.

“You know you can’t afford it.” I shrugged my shoulders. “It’s entirely his own fault.” I shrugged them again.

“People should mind their own business.” I took my hat.

“You’d better do so,” I recommended.

Then I declined her offer to show me some new specimens in pickle, and departed in a bad temper. I did not mind her thinking badly of me so much as I minded her making me think badly of her.

The next evening, when I paid my usual visit to Uncle William, I found Frances there. She was sounding him, and she looked very professional.

“There’s nothing organically wrong with you,” she pronounced, curtly. “It’s merely weakness, aggravated by worrying yourself. If you stop worrying, you’ll get well. If you don’t, you won’t.”

“I don’t worry about myself, Frankie dear,” he protested. “It’s my poor people. I haven’t been able to do much for them, but there were a few little things that I

know I could do. They—they're so helpless."

"The usual result of indiscriminate charity," she observed.

"Some people have such bad luck, my dear," he apologized—"such hard lives. When you go among them and see——"

"I go among them—and see; idleness and drink, that's what's the matter with them. Well, I've told you. If you want to kill yourself, you can. Good night."

"Good night, my dear." He sank back on his pillow with a sigh. "It was kind of you to come and see me."

I saw her to the front door. When she held out her hand, I put mine behind me.

"Don't come here any more," I said, sharply, and closed the door. I wished for the moment that she *were* a man.

"You mustn't take any notice of her," I told him. "She's growing a cross-grained old maid."

"No, no," he pleaded. "She's only twenty-seven. She—she means well." He drew a deep, slow breath. "She was very gentle when she sounded me, very gentle. It's right, too, in a way, what she says. If I'd been more prudent, I shouldn't be a burden to other people. I—I must be a great anxiety to you, my boy. It won't be for long."

"Say ten years," I suggested, cheerfully. "Come, you *must* make the effort and get well, if it's only for the sake of your poor clients. You'll be able to do all sorts of things for them when you get the business in order again."

"Yes, yes!" he smiled immediately. "When I get the business in order again—— I suppose there isn't any money to spare just now? Say a few pounds?"

"No," I said; "there isn't."

"Ah!" he said. "I was afraid not. I have so many expensive things just now. I could cut my expenditure down if——"

"If I would let you," I interrupted. "But, you see, I won't."

He was always wanting to go without things to apply the savings to some one else.

"If I were well, I was going to say——"

"Exactly," I agreed. "You've only got to get well."

For a couple of days, he seemed improving. Then the housekeeper let old Mrs. Murphy and lame Jones in to see him.

He gave them all the loose silver he had, and wished to dine on biscuits and milk to retrieve the expenditure. I gave strict instructions that no more poor people were to be admitted to see him; but the idea that his pensioners were starving took firm hold of him, and troubled him.

I met Frances in the street one morning, and as she asked me about him, I told her. She went on to see him; and then she came straight to me.

"He's insane upon the subject of charity," she declared. "There's only one way of saving him from himself. You must tell him that you're paying the allowances that he makes them. I'll give you a doctor's absolution."

"I can't tell lies——" I began.

"George Washington!" she exclaimed, scornfully.

"To Uncle William," I finished. "There are some people you can tell lies to; and some that you can't."

"Umph!" she grumbled. "I can."

When I called in the evening, I found him in unusual spirits.

"You are not often wrong, John," he remarked, with amiable triumph, "but you're wrong about Frankie. What do you think she has done?"

"She has been to see you?" I asked.

"Twice to-day!" he chuckled feebly.

"She's coming again this evening." He rubbed his hands delightedly. "This morning she brought me those grapes." He stopped with his arm half extended toward the empty plate. "I ate a great many myself," he protested, "before I—I thought that old Mrs. Brown didn't get many comforts, and so—— You won't mention it to Frankie, will you? It might hurt her feelings to think that I gave some away. Women are so—so feminine."

"I don't think you can accuse Frances of *that*," I said, grimly.

"You don't do her justice, John; really you don't. If you had heard her talking to me—— She has a pleasant voice, a very pleasant voice."

"I have noticed it," I owned. Her voice is delightfully rich and rounded. She cultivated it as part of her professional stock-in-trade, she once told me.

"She asked about all my poor friends very kindly. She was wonderfully patient



Drawn by
Leslie W. Lee.

"I DECLINED HER OFFER TO SHOW ME SOME NEW SPECIMENS IN PICKLE, AND DEPARTED IN A
BAD TEMPER."

with me. Do you know, she reminded me of her poor mother. She is a good girl, John."

"One hardly thinks of her as a girl," I said, bitterly.

I was not accustomed to speak hardly of Frances; but when I thought of her using her discarded feminine graces to deceive him, I felt—well, I think I felt more hurt than anything.

"I was going to tell you about this afternoon," he continued, at length. "She said that she came to bring me this little ash-tray. It's silver, John." His face beamed. "Fancy her thinking of me like that! I could see she'd come for something else, too. So presently I took her hands and said, 'Well, dear child, what is it?' And then——" His voice quavered excitedly. "She's going to pay all the little allowances that I used to give to people—every one of them! 'You used to call me your best niece when I was a little mite, don't you remember, uncle?' she said. 'I must do something to justify the title.' Now what do you think of her, my boy?"

"She is—different from what I expected," I told him.

I looked at the fire for a long time, till the red glow seemed lost in a damp mist. There are idols that we do not know we have set up till they are fallen. I had not known before this, all that I had once thought of Frances.

I went down to the dining-room when I heard her carriage. I did not want to see her; but she came in to see me as she left. She was a trifle flushed, and less composed than usual.

"I suppose," she said, "you misjudge me?"

"Heaven knows! I wish I could think so."

"You always do," she cried, with a passion unusual to her. "You always will. You judge me by a wrong standard."

"I have tried to judge you by the standard you set up for yourself: the standard of an honorable man. Perhaps the motive excuses what you have done, but nothing can excuse the way you have done it." My voice suddenly rose. "You did it as a woman. You used all your feminine graces and wiles. I must judge you by a femi-

nine standard. Frances, you have acted as a good woman would not have done."

She clenched her hands, and her teeth made a little chattering sound two or three times. Then she turned and walked out of the room. We did not speak for a month, except when we met in Uncle William's room. He made very little improvement, and she attended him regularly. Sometimes she sat up with him.

One evening, she asked for a few words with me.

"I can't pull him through," she said, in her steady, level voice. "I have done my best. You won't misjudge me in that."

"No," I said, huskily. "No doctor could have done more."

She did not move for a long time, and, sitting with my head on my hand, I thought that she had gone; but when I lifted my head she was still looking at me. Her face was white and weary. She had sat up with him the night before, and her professional duties were heavy.

"You have done your best, Frances," I said, "in every way."

She nodded quietly.

"Yes," she said, "I have done my best. Even when—— Well, you have judged me. Good night, John."

"Good night." I held out my hand; but she shook her head.

"I can't," she said. Then she left the room.

There was a look in her eyes that lingered with me; a look that reminded me of the days when I thought of her as a man thinks of a woman—one woman. I listened at the window for the sound of her voice when she spoke to the coachman.

I caught the same look again the next evening, when uncle was asking her about his poor people.

"They are all paid," she said, steadily. "Every one. They are not so bad as I thought. At any rate, they are grateful. You should hear how they speak of you. I shall always take interest in them now."

"After I am gone?" he asked, eagerly. She looked at me for a moment.

"After you are gone," she said. "Uncle—dear."

She bent suddenly and kissed him, and



Drawn by
Leslie W. Lee.

"I LEANED SUDDENLY TOWARD HER AND HELD OUT MY HAND; AND SHE PUT HERS IN IT."

left the room. I did not speak for a few minutes. Neither did he.

"John," he said at last, "my dear boy — May I speak to you about something?"

"Not Frances?" I entreated.

"It is about Frances."

I made an impatient movement. It was right that he should think well of her. She had been devoted to him lately; and

she had always liked him really, I think; but it hurt me to hear him speak of her charity to his poor.

"I would rather you didn't, uncle," I said, slowly. He looked at me pleadingly. "Very well."

"It is about you, too, John," he said.

"I—I used to think that you were in love with her; that you would some time marry her."

I toyed with my watch-chain.

"It takes two to make a marriage," I reminded him.

"I thought—John, I still think—that she cares for you." I shook my head. "Did you ever ask her?"

"No. She gave me clearly to understand that I was to treat her as—as I would treat a man."

He laughed feebly.

"Shall I tell you the reason?" he asked.

"Because she thought you did not approve of her as a woman; because she wanted your friendship on terms that would not hurt her pride. My dear boy, it is *you* who have made her masculine."

I smiled wearily.

"You think every one is as soft-hearted and sentimental as yourself, my dear old uncle. Frances is not like that."

"She is," he declared. "John, she is a very loyal friend to you. Do you know what she did this afternoon? She thought I might wonder why you had not done what she has done for me in helping these poor people of mine. I never wondered, my boy. I knew that every penny you could spare, and more, was spent for me. I didn't say 'Don't do it,' because you wouldn't be you if you didn't. But she feared that I might misjudge you. So she told me." I tried to speak, but something seemed to choke in my throat. "Haven't you a word of praise for her? Something has come between you, John? Can't you tell me what it is?"

"No," I said, "I can't tell you." He looked at me wistfully. "I can't tell you," I repeated. "You won't press me any more, uncle. You know that I wouldn't willingly refuse a request of yours." He nodded.

"I understand. You think the fault is hers, and you are loyal to her."

We sat in silence for a quarter of an hour. Then she came in. He beckoned to her, and she went and sat close beside him, and he stroked her hair.

"Frankie," he said, softly, "I haven't much time now to learn things, and there is something that I want to know. I have asked you, and you could not tell me, because you were loyal to John. I have asked John, and he could not tell me, because he is loyal to you.

Now you are both together, one of you can tell me without disloyalty to the other; but I don't know which to ask. There are some things that a man can say, and a woman can't; and some that a man can't, and a woman can. I don't think of you as a great doctor, with a man's intellect and a man's ways, my dear, but just as a little girl."

She put her arm under his head gently.

"Just a little girl," she said. "Just a loving little girl to you."

She smiled up at him. I had never seen her look so beautiful before, or heard her voice so sweet.

"Then, little girl, I will ask *you*. What has come between you and John?"

She glanced at me. There was the same hurt look in her eyes that I had seen before. I leaned suddenly toward her and held out my hand; and she put hers in it.

"Why!" she said, in a queer, half-laughing, half-crying way. "There is nothing—now. It was a mistake. I let John think that I was only pretending to pay your poor people; and he took my word against myself."

"You paid them!" I cried. "Frances! I shall never forgive myself. Have I *always* misjudged you?"

"Perhaps; but it has been my own fault." She looked down at the carpet. "You see—I told you to judge me as a man—and——" She looked up at me with her eyes wet and smiling, and full of unspeakable things. "I am a woman, John!"

The world seemed to whirl around, and my words were slow in coming. When they came, they sounded a long way off.

"And you will be my wife?" I asked.

"And I will be your wife," she said.

We forgot Uncle William till we heard him laughing as he had not laughed for months before.

"And I will dance at your wedding," he vowed; and he did.

The family say that it was "Doctor Frank" who cured him; and I say that it was his "best niece"; but she smiles and shakes her pretty head.

"It was love," she says, softly, "love that cures everything."

But nowadays she judges things by a very feminine standard!



BY CLINTON DANGERFIELD.

HE finished his last mouthful with a regretful smack, undisturbed by the gaunt-faced woman who sat staring at him. Then he leaned back, wiping his mouth with a hairy fist.

"That was a good spread," he said, solemnly. "Folks ginerally gives me a hand-out. But this was a spread."

"I fed you here in the kitchen," returned Luella, "because I want you to talk."

"Talk?" The hobo tilted his chair a little farther. "You're a queer one! What do you want me to talk about?"

"Tell me how it feels to be free."

"It feels mighty fine—if you ain't starvin' ner freezin'."

She propped her chin on her hand, leaning toward him.

"How'd you come to take to the road?"

A scowl settled on the tramp's brow, as though at some hateful recollection.

"You want my spiel, do you? Well, I was a factory hand. I tended on a machine—feedin' it, feedin' it, feedin' it all day long an' part of the night. When I got to bed I dreamed of the cussed thing. Why did I dream of it? 'Cause it seemed to be reachin' out tryin' to grab the whole of me, or chew off my fingers, just as it did in the day. At last there come a time when I says to myself: 'There's such a thing as the earth. What do *you* know of it? You're jest part of this here machine. Yet there acshually is sich things as roads leadin' to new places, country roads with sunshine an' grass, an' time to think an' find out who you are—time to talk with them you fancies an' to git away from them you don't.' "

"Yes, yes! I know!" she said, breathlessly. "The world was callin' you—callin', callin' till you couldn't he'p but go."

He stared at her as he rose.

"I dunno how in Moses you know anything about it. You don't have no machine to feed. Yore husband's the richest farmer in this county, they say."

She rose in her turn and caught his ragged sleeve, pushing him round until he faced the polished kitchen range.

"See that stove?" she cried, harshly. "It's got arms, like yore machine had. An' them arms, all my life, has reached out an' grabbed holt of me an' choked the——"

He wrenched roughly away from her.

"Aw—gwon!" he said, contemptuously. "You got a easy job."

He walked off, rolling placidly down the front path.

Luella never looked after him. She leaned against the door-post and stared far off into the western line, now coloring with hints of the approaching sunset.

The reek of the kitchen clung to her gown and enfolded her in its atmosphere. Once she shook out her skirt impatiently, but the odor was still there.

An hour later, she sat down to a bountiful supper with her husband, Stephen Westly; a supper in which there was none to share but themselves.

It was eaten in businesslike silence. As soon as he had finished, Stephen began to mend some harness, while his wife hurried the dishes to the sink.

The table cleared, she came back to her husband and stood nervously rubbing the

back of a chair with her knotty, toil-worn fingers.

"Stephen!"

"What is it, Luella? Hand me them brads off'n the shelf, will you?"

She complied, and then plunged desperately into her subject.

"Stephen, I got a tooth that needs crownin'. I don't b'lieve our tooth-doctor to the village understands it. I want to have it fixed right. I want to go to Canfield. I shall be gone a week."

Astonished, he dropped the harness.

"You want to be gone a week!"

"I know it sounds dretful, but I do. I know I ain't never been away more'n half a day sence we married, ten year ago. But it seems like there's a slack now——"

"There ain't no sich thing as a slack in work here," retorted the husband.

"I don't care. I'm sufferin' with—that tooth. I got to go."

He rose abruptly and crossed to the window, where he stood gazing into the dusk. A peculiar expression had stolen into his eyes, but Luella could not see it. A look of guilty cunning touched the worn lines on his prematurely old face.

"You allers been so masterful, Luella—you allers drove yore sheer of work so hard, I didn't suppose you'd want to git a whole week behind."

"I got to go," she repeated, stubbornly.

"A week," he repeated, rubbing his hands slowly together—hands which trembled perceptibly with some strong inward excitement. "Well, go ef you must. It ain't like we was foolish enough to be talkin' about holidays. You an' me certainly has kept each other up to the mark—ain't we, Luella? No better managers than us two anywhere. But sence you *got* to go——"

When the morning train halted at the village, it received a solitary passenger, who sank gaspingly on a red-plush seat, grasping a ticket to Canfield.

But as she sat there, looking breathlessly from the window, something in the whirling motion restored her calmness. She almost stretched out her worn hands to the trees and glades that seemed trying to rush up to her.

"Don't hurry," she whispered; "I'm comin'."

Ten minutes later, the train halted resentfully at a little way-station. The conductor impatiently checked her as she made for the door.

"Go back," he said, bruskiy. "Your ticket calls for Canfield."

"Yes, I know," she interrupted, "but I'm going to get off here instead."

The conductor stared after her.

"The deuce!" he muttered.

But the woman, with one disdainful glance at the flying train and the forlorn station left behind it, turned swiftly down a side path and plunged into the forest ways that opened mysterious tracks to receive her.

On and on she went. When the quietude of the woods was broken only by chipmunks flirting here and there, or twigs snapping under her feet, she halted, sat down under a great pine and laughed.

"They thought I was goin' to stay in that smoky car! Lord, I've smelt smoke enough in my time. They calculated I was goin' to spend a week in town—me that despises the idee of it. Town indeed! That means folks starin' at yore hat, and wond'rin' why yore sleeves ain't cut better. *You* know what I'm lookin' fer," she added, with quizzical confidence, to the nearest chipmunk. "It's freedom—freedom from every tie."

She stretched out her feet luxuriously on the rich pine-needle cushions.

"'Tis good to be alone! Folks might say I was alone by myself to home a heap—but I never was. There was somethin' standin' at my elbow the 'tarnal time sayin', 'Do this—do that!'"

She threw a handful of pine-needles into the stream beside her, and chuckled to see them float away.

"What if Stephen could see me now—him that allers has been so careful to keep me up to the mark! I guess the two of us ain't wasted nary hour sence our weddin'-tower. Huh!" she sniffed disdainfully, "this beats a tower all holler!"

A woodpecker in the tree above loosened a bit of bark. It fell on her lap. She threw it back up at him with the eager amusement of a child:

"You old scamp, you done it a-purpose!"



Drawn by Frank Verbeck.

"SUNSET FOUND HER FAR FROM THE STREAM AND THE PINE-TREE, AND FOUND HER STILL
UNWEARY AND JOYFUL."

The woodpecker, wisely unafraid of the aim feminine, merely went on tapping. The woman arose and, after a guilty glance around, hid her "best hat" in a hollow stump. Then out of her satchel she drew a ragged sun-bonnet and a red handkerchief. The handkerchief she knotted round her neck, Gipsy-fashion. The sun-bonnet she pulled over her eyes. This completed her idea of disguise. She broke a young sourwood, straight-limbed and smoothly red, for a staff, and resumed her journey, leaving the bag concealed by the stump. Sunset found her far from the stream and the pine-tree, and found her still unwary and joyful.

She stood on a high hill watching the glories in the west. Presently the wonder of the red light died. Drinking in the fragrant dusk, she hurried down the slope toward a distant farm. The day's duties were over when she reached the farmhouse door—she took care of that.

The housewife eyed her doubtfully. Yes, she supposed she would give her a bite of supper; and, yes, she might sleep in the barn.

The new-made tramp ate her cold supper as she lay on the soft hay. How delicious each morsel was. It was years since she had eaten with any pleasure, though for conscience' sake she had always swallowed something at the bountiful home table. But this—this was feasting! The sauce of keen hunger made the pitiful meal food for a god!

Supper over, she lay there, soothed and companioned by the dumb beasts in the stalls below her. The occasional restless stamping of horses never disturbed her. Only once in the night she woke. That was when a tiny thrush, sleeping under the eaves, sent forth a sleepy, exquisite song.

She felt the first arrows of dawn pierce the darkness and sat up, confusedly—then joyfully, as she remembered that the whole day was hers. The cattle stirred sympathetically. Sounds of bustle came from the farmhouse.

At last, she saw a boy and girl, just in their teens, come down the path together, the girl with pail in hand. Luella rolled out of sight in hay and overheard an anxious dialogue.

"Don't go in the loft," urged the girl,

timidly. "There's a Gipsy asleep there. She—she might hurt you!"

"How?" asked brave thirteen, skeptically. "I guess I ain't afraid of no old woman." He walked boldly into the barn, the girl following. Yet he did not go into the loft.

When the girl had finished milking, she found the supposed Gipsy beside her.

"Dearie," said the woman, coaxingly, "give me a drink!"

The girl turned her blue eyes irresolutely on the stranger. Her smooth young cheek flushed. Then she lifted the pail of rich, foamy milk and Luella drank her fill from the edge. When she had satisfied her thirst, the girl said to her, timidly:

"You can have a biscuit. Shall I—bring you one?"

"Do," said the smiling tramp. "You're ez good ez you're pretty!"

The boy stood watching her in his sister's absence, his hands in his pockets, his sturdy legs wide apart.

"You ought to try and git some work to do," he said, reprovingly, quoting his elders.

"Do you think," said Luella, with frank camaraderie, "that because I am old I can't enjoy a bit of playtime now and then?" The boy frowned, puzzled.

"Play!" he repeated. "And you wrinkled like that!" Then he added, decidedly, "When people are grown, they must always work."

It was the creed of his fathers.

Biscuit in hand, Luella wandered down the wide lane. The dew still glistened on the grasses and vines. It transformed a spider's web in a fence-corner to a wonderful filmy square of lace, worthy Titania's wear. Luella lingered to admire it. She sighed in enjoyment too deep for words.

"What's become of all the hurry?" she wondered. The rush and bustle of her daily life seemed to lie years behind. Nor did the knowledge that she must soon return to it trouble her. With her freedom had come the ability to put aside thoughts of the end.

That afternoon, an old man gave her a ride in his market-wagon.

"Where do ye hail from?" he asked, curiously. Luella answered, simply:

"I'm jest a tramp."



Drawn by Frank Verbeck.

"BOTH MEN JUMPED UP AS THOUGH ELECTRIFIED. 'WOT T' 'ELL!' EJACULATED THE TRAMP."

"Thet so?" said the old fellow, regretfully. "I wuz wondrun' if I couldn't hire ye to wash dishes a spell. My da'ter's wantin' help."

"I don't have to do any work," said Luella, proudly. "I belong to the road."

"I guess ye're headin' fer town—long of the Fo'th?" he suggested.

"Fourth of what?"

"Of July," said the old man, irritably.

"I thought even a—tramp would know when the Fo'th of July comes. I allers keep it!" he added, proudly.

"Fourth of July?" she repeated. "Oh, yes! Only we—that is——"

"That is, ye don't keep it?"

"I shall observe it this time," said Luella, solemnly.

She was not near the town when the Fourth opened with much tooting and cannonading. She was afield, following a flock of vagrant sheep. It pleased her whim to let them lead her. At noon, she curled up under a hay-stack, with the old suppleness of youth, and slept while the sheep, just outside the fence, sought the shade of the trees and chewed reflectively.

Luella's nap was short. A man's voice waked her. Some one was conversing on the other side of the hay-stack. When she comprehended who that some one was, she turned cold with horror.

For it was the gruff monotone of Stephen, who must have tracked her! No disguising bonnet would avail her now!

All the enormity of her crime flashed on her. Not only a tramp, but a tramp under false pretenses! She shivered, and listened, abjectly.

"You see," went on the gruff voice, with a curiously new note in it, "Luella and me come of notable stock, on both sides. Never was any slackness 'bout her folks nor mine."

"An' so," chuckled another voice that seemed oddly familiar, "you worked yourselves to death to keep a repitashun! What's repitashun? Heerd a feller on the stage call it a bubble. Guess he was correc'."

"Jest so," returned Stephen, thoughtfully. "I'll admit it's diffrunt frum character. But anyway, Luella an' me been known as the best managers in the hull neighborhood fer ten year!"

"Managers of your farm," retorted the

other, "but what kind of managers of yoreselves? Been in the slave-drivin' business 'gainst each other, I take it."

To Luella's amazement, her husband laughed outright.

"That's jest what we been—holdin' the whip over each other. Many a time I've wanted to drop ever'thing—to take a little playtime—but I was feared of what Luella'd think!"

"Oh," gasped the wife to herself, "that was jest the way I felt about you!"

"An' so," pursued Stephen, "when Luella went to town, 'count of that tooth, I says to myself: 'Here's your chance! Here's a whole week to be free in!' It seemed extry pleasant to have it in Fo'th July time." His voice shook a little.

"I dunno myself, somehow!"

"You'll not keep it up," said the answering voice, gloomily. It flashed on Luella that this was her talkative tramp.

"Don't expect to," said Stephen, comfortably. "When the week's out, I'll work all the better. She'll never know."

"The road hunger will bite ye again," prophesied the tramp, still more gloomily.

"Then what'll you do? Yer wife won't understand."

"Oh, yes, she will, Stephen," sobbed Luella, breaking from covert and rushing around the hay-stack.

Both men jumped up as though electrified.

"Wot t'ell!" ejaculated the tramp. "Same ole party as give me the dinner! Sufferin' Moses—this is rich!"

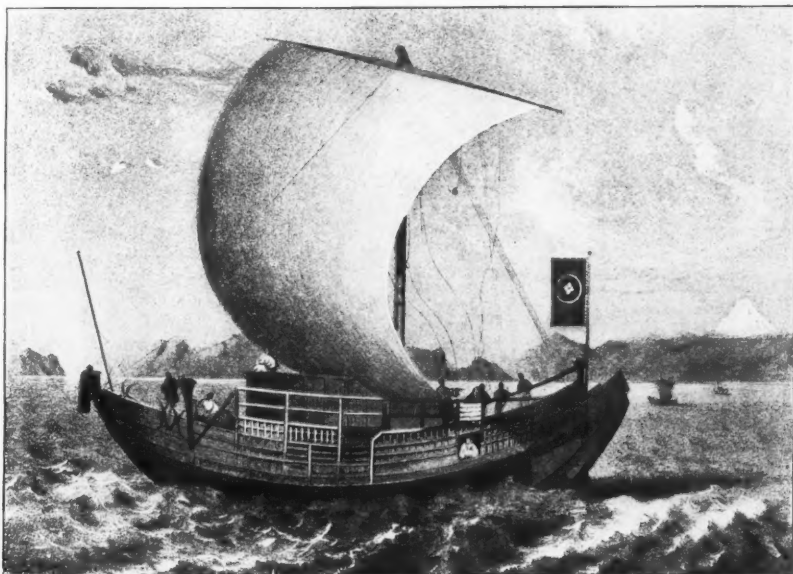
"Luella!" cried Stephen.

She threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, Stephen, I'm a miserable, deceitful woman! I ran away and played tramp myself, because—because I thought *you* couldn't understand how I felt!"

A new light radiated from their worn faces as they clung to each other, unmindful of the stranger. The ice of their souls had been broken forever. The warm, sweet currents of human emotions almost restored their lost youth.

Some part of this even the tramp comprehended. He turned his back on them, blew his nose loudly and tried to count the sheep. Presently he gave it up. "I guess this old hay-stack has seen one case of machine rule busted," he said, cheerfully.



A JAPANESE SHIP OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE AND PERRY'S . EXPEDITION TO JAPAN.

BY W. WATSON DAVIS.

IT is a singular fact that our first dealing with Japan should have been largely a result of our first difficulty with Russia. Yet this was undeniably the case, as will be seen from a consideration of the following facts.

The United States was in the midst of the "era of good feeling" at home, when from foreign horizons dark clouds arose—in the east, the so-called "Holy Alliance" of France, Russia, Austria and Prussia; in the west, the claim of Russia to exclusive possession of the Pacific coast of North America as far south as the fifty-first parallel. Already on the Columbia River and in the valley of the Sacramento Russian trappers roamed. Each year saw the southward drift of the Slav in this American Manchuria of eighty years ago.

Finally, in 1821, thundered forth the imperial ukase of the czar: "The pursuit

of commerce, whaling and fishery, and of all other industries, on all islands, ports and gulfs, including the whole of the northwest coast of America, beginning from Behring's Straits, to the fifty-first degree of north latitude, . . . is exclusively granted to Russian subjects. It is therefore prohibited to all foreign vessels not only to land on the coast and islands belonging to Russia, as stated above, but also to approach within one hundred Italian miles. The transgressor's vessel is subject to confiscation, along with the whole cargo."

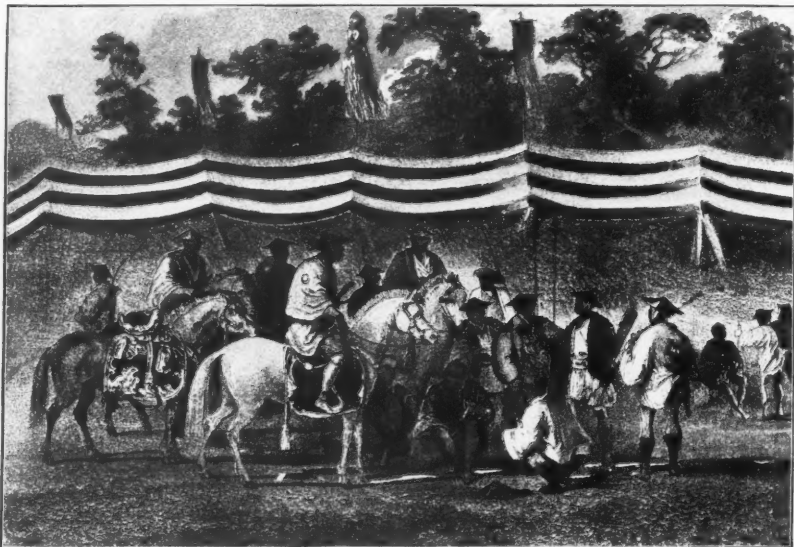
Certainly this proclamation clearly stated Russia's attitude in regard to North America. The czar was the leading spirit in the Holy Alliance. If this combination succeeded in crushing Spain's revolting provinces, Russia would no doubt claim her share of the spoil. This empire already

held possession of one half of the Pacific coast of North America. The logical and next move would be southward, toward California.

The United States was in grave danger, therefore, of being surrounded by a cordon of European colonies, the home governments of which were avowed enemies of our republican ideas. A young and struggling country, overshadowed by powerful and jealous rivals, is hardly more than the disputed territory of its neighbors. The isolation of the United States had hitherto been its greatest blessing. Were we to be throttled?

European powers. . . . We owe it, therefore, to candor and the amicable relations existing between the United States and these powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety." Thus the Monroe Doctrine was born, and the United States ushered into the field of world-politics.

Our minister at St. Petersburg, Mr. Middleton, was instructed to enter formal protest against the czar's edict, and to negotiate a treaty by which the whole Pacific coast should be left open to naviga-



JAPANESE ARMY TYPES OF THE TIME OF PERRY'S VISIT.

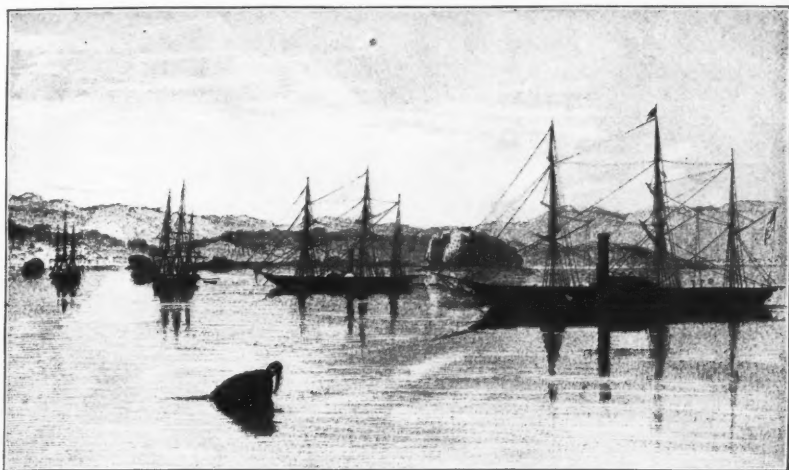
The imperious ukase of the czar and the threatening attitude of the Holy Alliance bore fruit. Our country, just then taking its place among the great powers, had been put to the test, and courage and sturdy self-reliance were not found wanting.

In answer to Russia's proclamation, and as a warning to the members of the Holy Alliance, came President Monroe's famous message to Congress: "The American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any

tion and trade for all parties for a definite term of years, and the southern boundary of Russian territory should be the fifty-fifth, instead of the fifty-first, parallel.

The position of this country was boldly taken, and as boldly held. The Russian government gave way, the czar's ukase was revoked, our demand for the "open door" was granted, and on April 17, 1824, the treaty was signed.

The all-absorbing question of to-day, the trouble in the East, bears marked resemblance to this incident in our history. Japan is just taking its place among the great nations of the world. It does not

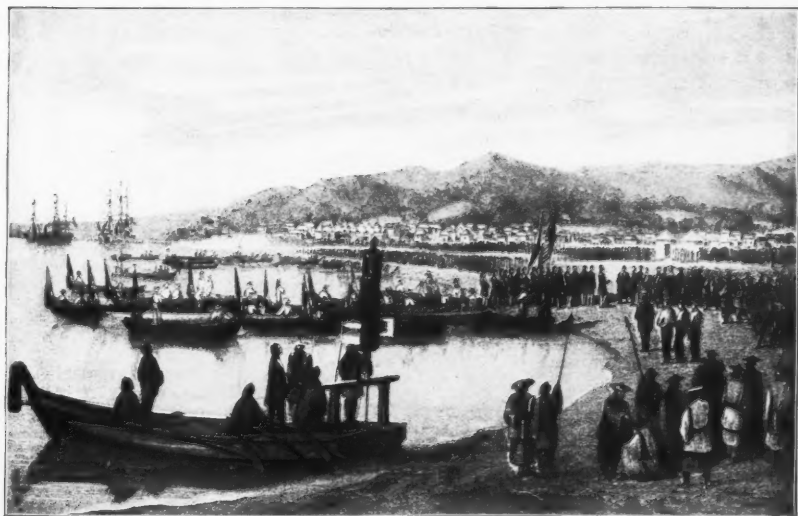


THE AMERICAN SQUADRON OFF THE LOO CHOO ISLANDS, 1853.

wish to be hemmed in by European influences. Its opponent is Russia, again moving southward along the Pacific coast. The disputed territory belongs to neither, but its occupation by foreign powers is considered by the mikado dangerous to the welfare of his country. History repeats itself, yet the Yankee won by diplomacy alone.

This check administered to Russia's

southward advance in the western hemisphere, is directly connected with another incident in American history which occurred thirty years later—the opening of the Japanese empire to the world. As a result of the firm stand taken by our government, California and the country immediately north of it were saved from the grasp of Russia, and some years later were acquired by the United



FIRST FORMAL LANDING OF AMERICANS IN JAPAN, JULY, 1853.

States. This territory quickly sprang into prominence. Here, in the lap of a genial climate, were found gold and silver and precious stones; here grew the greatest forests of timber in the world; and in every direction stretched thousands of acres of unclaimed land, awaiting only the hand of the cultivator to bloom into the garden-spot of America. California, the new El Dorado of the West, became a state, increasing daily in population and boasting a harbor unexcelled in any clime. The United States had acquired a great and valuable possession. Her citizens crossed the Rockies and established themselves on the shores of the Pacific. They gazed out over an ocean flecked with the sails of New England whalers. Facing them across this ocean, only eighteen days by steamer from San Francisco, lay the slumbering East with its myriads of humanity. With such prosperity along our Pacific coast, such fine harbors, such a quantity of natural wealth only waiting to be utilized, it is not surprising that this country should wish to establish relations with the rich Eastern kingdoms, especially the nearest—mysterious Japan, the Cipango of Columbus, almost as unknown to Western nations fifty years ago as Tibet is to-day.

It was at that time a magnificent dream of expansion. In our own day it has become a reality. Yet such expansion would have been impossible had not Monroe at the critical moment checked Russia's advance. Without the Monroe Doctrine, we should have been excluded from the Pacific. Without our Pacific ports, we should have had no incentive to establish commercial relations with Japan or the other Eastern nations.

The time had now arrived for another step in our Eastward movement. Again an American president was equal to the emer-

gency. President Fillmore, in his annual message to Congress in 1852, used the following words, almost as significant in their way as those used by Monroe thirty years earlier: "The general prosperity of our states on the Pacific requires that an attempt should be made to open the opposite regions of Asia to a mutually beneficial intercourse. . . . I have accordingly been led to order an appropriate naval force to Japan, under the command of a discreet and intelligent officer of the highest rank known to our service. . . . Should it be crowned with success, the advantage will not be confined to the United States, but, as in the case of China, will be equally enjoyed by all other maritime powers."

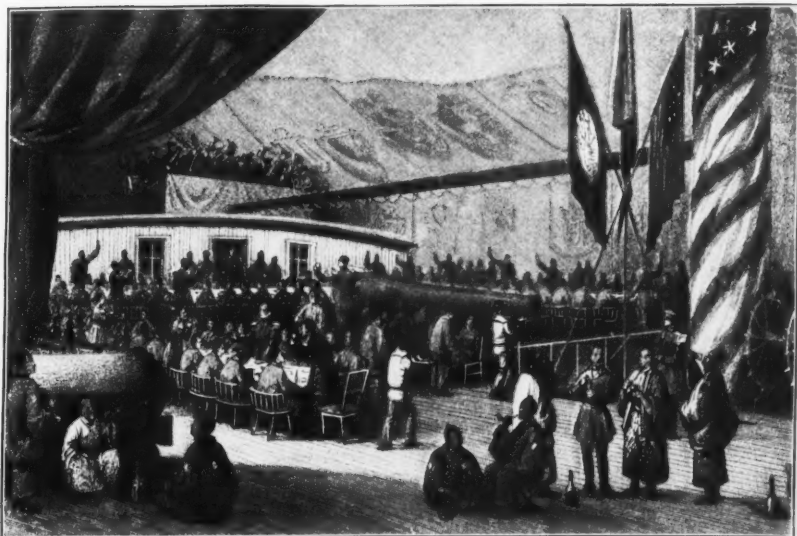
The officer referred to was Com. Matthew Calbraith Perry. In November, 1852, he sailed from Norfolk, Virginia, in the steam-frigate "Mississippi," bearing a letter from the president to the emperor of Japan. The "Mississippi," which was followed some months later by several other men-of-war, was to act in conjunction with the East India squadron, the combined fleet being placed under the command of Commodore Perry.

At that time, the shortest route from the Atlantic ports of the United States to the East was around the Cape of Good Hope, across the Indian Ocean and through the Straits of Malacca—three times as far as from San Francisco to Japan. Certainly, if we had not acquired the Pacific coast, such strenuous efforts would not have been made on the part of our government to establish relations with the distant, shadowy land of Japan.

The journal of this expedition forms a narrative of great interest, for the voyage was one of varied experience. After dropping anchor for a brief space off peaceful, vine-clad Madeira; after visiting that lonely bit



PRES. MILLARD FILLMORE.



DINNER GIVEN TO THE JAPANESE COMMISSIONERS ON BOARD THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE
"POWHATAN."

of land, St. Helena, made famous by the sojourn of the great Napoleon; after rounding the Cape of Good Hope and lingering at sun-kissed Mauritius in the midst of the terrible Indian Ocean; after touching at Ceylon, Singapore, Hong Kong, Shanghai and the mysterious Loo Choo Islands, the "Mississippi," now one of a squadron of four, turned her prow toward the final goal, Japan.

Quoting the journal of a member of that expedition: "When day broke on the morning of the 8th of July, we got our first sight of the terra incognita—the hermetic land—the land which had been invaded but never conquered—hence called the 'Virgin Empire.' The bold, high shores of Japan were before us—the kingdom of the origin of the sun." "

With decks cleared

for action and men at the guns, the American ships entered the harbor of Yeddo. Strange sights greeted them on every side. Low-built fortifications crowned almost every eminence. Groups of native soldiers could be seen hurrying to and fro. Whole villages were deserted in the greatest confusion at the approach of the American

steamers, moving against wind and tide as if by magic, and belching forth columns of black smoke. Women with children on their backs fled with screams, outstripped in their flight only by the men. At night, through the still evening air floated the soft notes of sweet-toned gongs, tocsins, while surrounding the squadron at a distance twinkled and flitted innumerable lights of patrol-boats.

Soon after the ships had dropped anchor,



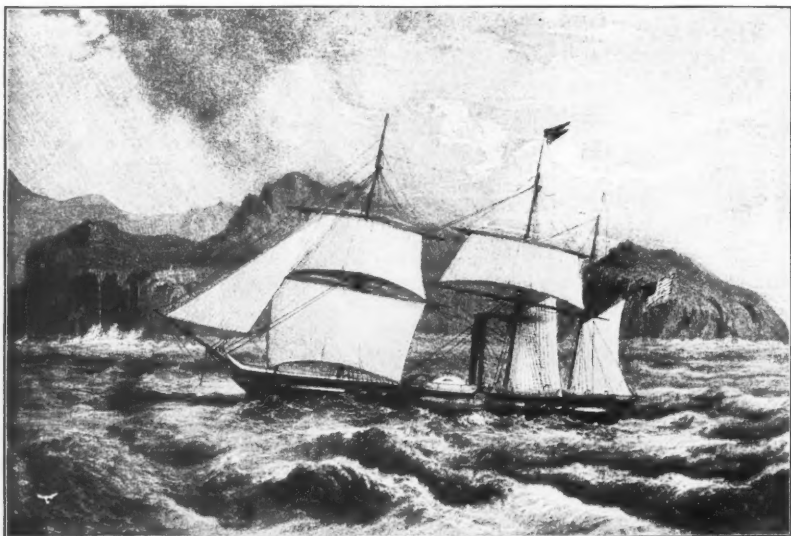
PRES. JAMES MONROE.

a sharp-prowed, betasseled government boat came alongside and delivered to the strangers a document worded in French, which warned them to approach no nearer. Two days later, the Governor of Uraga visited the Americans. He was received by the officers of the squadron, Commodore Perry not being present, for, in accordance with Eastern etiquette, he, as the special envoy of the president, would confer with no less than the special envoy of the emperor. The governor insisted that the Americans proceed to Nagasaki, and from there forward their letter to the emperor. This Commodore Perry firmly and peremptorily refused to do.

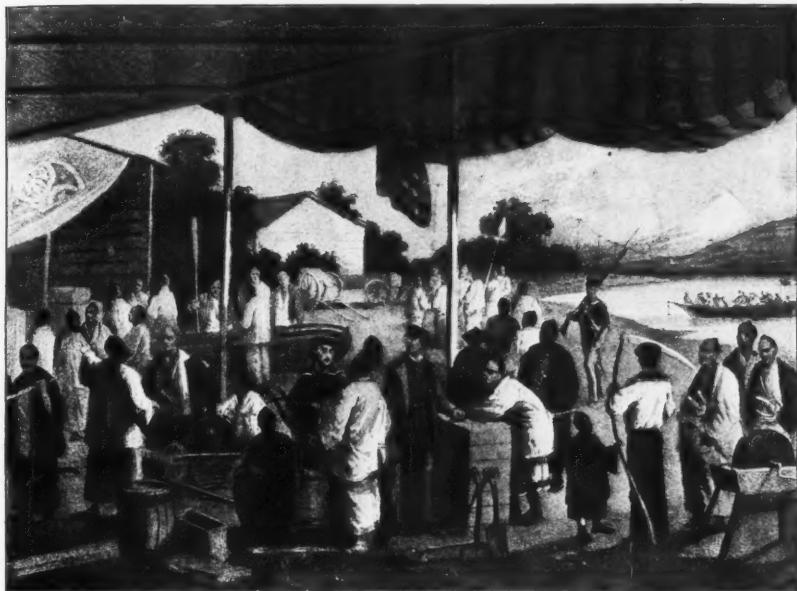
After some delay, an interview was held, and President Fillmore's letter was forwarded to the emperor from the little town of Kurihama near Yeddo. The letter read, in part, as follows: "The United States of America reach from ocean to ocean, and our territory of Oregon and state of California lie directly opposite to the dominions of your Imperial Majesty. Our steamships can go from California to Japan in eighteen days. Our great state of California produces about sixty millions of dollars in gold every year, besides silver, quicksilver, precious stones, and many other valuable articles. Japan is also a rich and fertile

country, and produces many valuable articles. . . . I am desirous that our two countries should trade with each other for the benefit of both Japan and the United States. . . . These are the only objects for which I have sent Commodore Perry with a powerful squadron to pay a visit to your Imperial Majesty's renowned city of Yeddo:—friendship, commerce, a supply of coal and provisions, and protection for our shipwrecked people."

The president's letter delivered, the American squadron returned to China, where it remained several months protecting American interests during the Taiping rebellion, then raging. Japan had been given ample time to deliberate. With the approach of spring, once more to the bay of Yeddo sailed the Americans. Again before those hardy mariners loomed the towering sacred mountain of Japan, Fujiyama, clothed in its mantle of snow; again came banquets and private audiences and councils. Then followed the presenting of gifts, an event fraught with some significance when their nature is considered in connection with the rapid progress since made by Japan in modern arts and sciences. The presents for the emperor consisted, among other things, of a railway with steam-engine, a magnetic telegraph, a surf-



UNITED STATES FRIGATE "MISSISSIPPI" OFF MADAGASCAR, ON THE WAY TO JAPAN, 1852.



DELIVERING THE AMERICAN PRESENTS AT YOKOHAMA, 1854.

boat, a printing-press, a pair of opera-glasses, maps of the different states of North America, agricultural implements, a stove, rifles, pistols, swords and American whisky.

At last, on March 30, 1854, a treaty was signed—a treaty destined to be the foundation-stone of modern Japan. In commemoration of this important event in their history, the Japanese have erected a monument to Commodore Perry on the spot where the Americans first landed.

By the terms of the treaty, the ports of Shimoda and Hakodate were thrown open to the United States, trade in these ports was subject to local regulations, kind treatment was guaranteed all shipwrecked Americans, and all privileges not therein given to the United States should be granted if at any future time they were granted to other nations. So closed the episode that marks the opening of Japan to the world.

All nations soon followed in the footsteps of the United States. In October of the same year a treaty was signed with England; in the next year, with Russia and the Netherlands; in 1858, with France; in 1860, with Portugal; in 1861,

with the German Customs Union; and later with Italy, Spain, Denmark, Belgium, Switzerland, Austria-Hungary, Sweden and Norway, Peru, Hawaii, China, Korea, Siam and Mexico.

In the light of these events, our recent commercial expansion in the far East, our demand for the "open door," our opposition to the dismemberment of China, all indicate, not the dawn of an entirely new era in the foreign policy of the United States, but rather a return to the old lines laid down by Monroe and Fillmore.

And Japan—what have been the results to her of the civilization which Perry and his men taught her, first with their formidable squadron, then by their diplomacy? Japan to-day manufactures textiles to the value of more than ninety million dollars annually; twenty years ago the value was less than nine millions. The coal production last year was about ten million tons, twice as much as it was twenty years ago, when it was the country's chief wealth. Five hundred daily newspapers are published in the islands, and the population of fifty millions is among the best-educated on the earth.

SEPARATE.

BY ELSA BARKER.

LOVE, I am lonely, and so far from thee!

I reach my arms into the open air

In mute entreaty; but my burning prayer
Brings but a mocking echo back to me.

My soul is sick with the world's tyranny!

What are the wills of men that they should
dare

Intrude themselves between our breasts, and
tear

Our spirits from their shrines irreverently?

O my beloved! Come to me to-day,

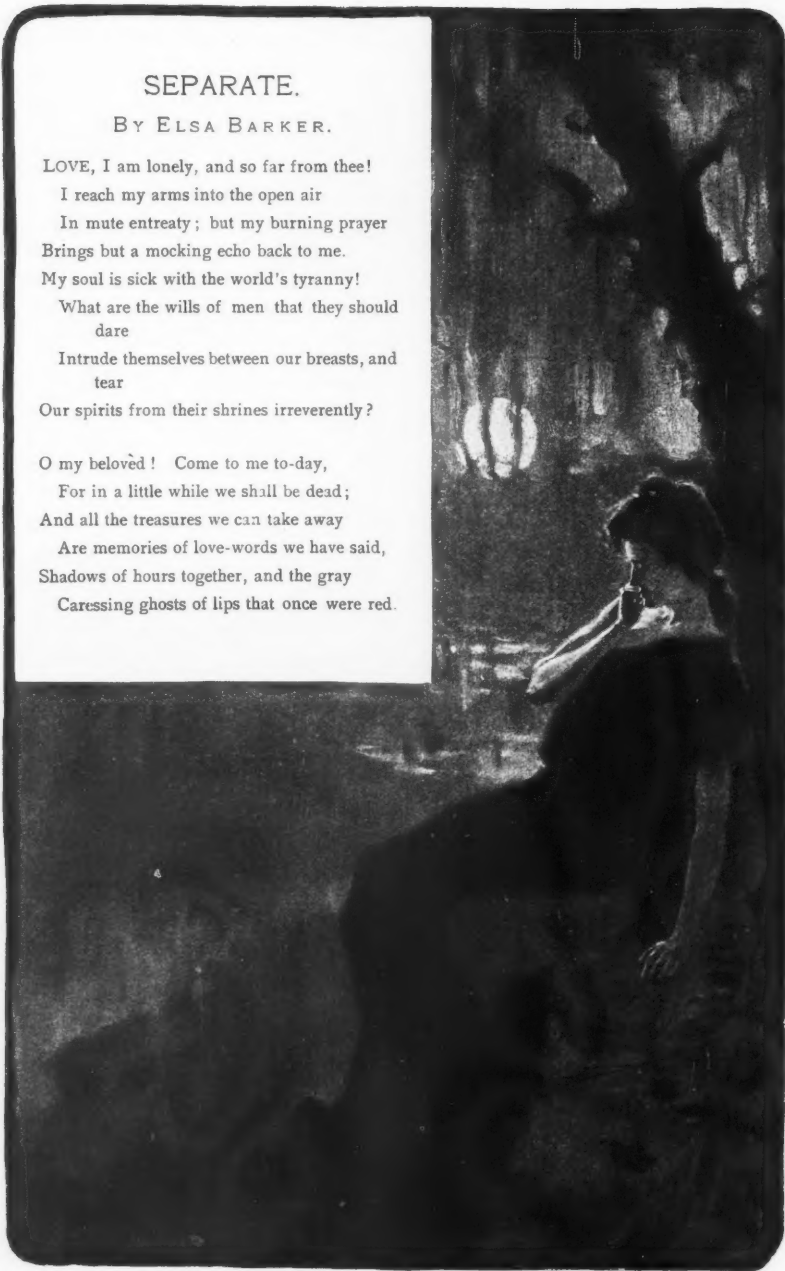
For in a little while we shall be dead;

And all the treasures we can take away

Are memories of love-words we have said,

Shadows of hours together, and the gray

Caressing ghosts of lips that once were red.





STAGING A COLLEGE PLAY.

BY ROSCOE C. GAIGE.

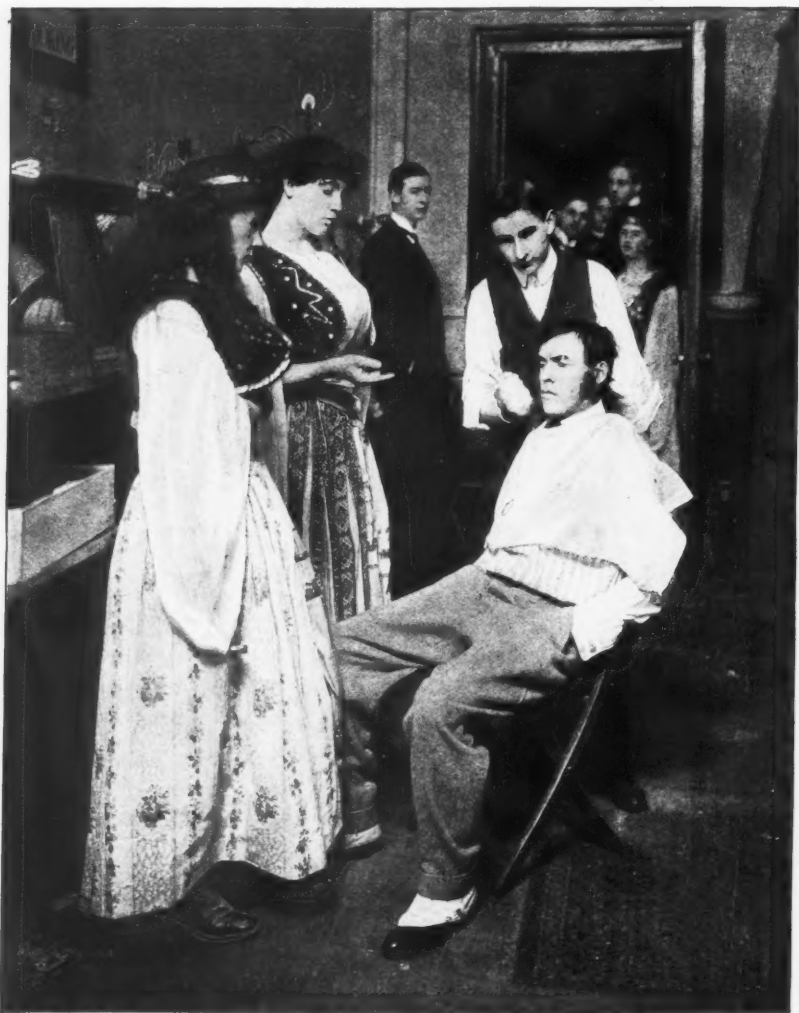
COLLEGE dramatics form quite an important phase of student activity at American colleges, and one, too, of which, except from the "front," the public has little knowledge. The history of college dramatics, the time given to them, their expense, their humorous episodes, and their more serious aspects, are all interesting.

And rare indeed is the college that does not possess its dramatic club.

There are, for example, the Hasty Pudding Club of Harvard, the Yale Dramatic Club, Princeton Triangle Club, the Masque of Cornell, the Varsity Show of Columbia, the Mask and Wig of Pennsylvania, the Dramatic Association of Yale, the Sock and Buskin at Brown, the Dramatic Clubs at Virginia, Minnesota and Dartmouth, the

Cercle Comique of Union, the Jesters of Trinity, the Cap and Bells at Williams, to say nothing of the plays which are presented at these various institutions without going through the formality of giving them a name other than the senior class play, the junior class play, and so on. The plays which the Hasty Pudding men give are almost always original, and some of them have been of such excellence that they have gone on the professional stage. As a rule, they nowadays are burlesques, one of the most recent being "The Second Mrs. Corset-stay." Besides the Pudding plays, there are also dramatic offerings by various of the fraternities and by the French, German, Latin and Greek clubs.

At Yale, college theatricals take on a more serious aspect, and the work of the



Photograph by Byron.

THE FINISHING TOUCHES.

undergraduates is directed toward producing well-known plays and not to presenting comic operas or burlesques. The Yale students, for example, wished this year to offer George Bernard Shaw's "You Never Can Tell." But this plan was impossible, as Mr. Arnold Daly, after his success with "Candida," had secured the rights in the play for next year. Pennsylvania, Columbia and Princeton of late years have confined

themselves entirely to comic opera, and it is really in this line of histrionic endeavor that the American undergraduate succeeds best. These musical plays are the most expensive for the college men to produce, and very often about five thousand dollars is spent in such a production. Indeed, it costs considerably more than this at Princeton, whose show makes an extensive tour every season, visiting New York, Chicago,



THE COMPANY.



Photograph by Byron.

A BIT OF HUMOROUS BUSINESS.

Cleveland, Pittsburg and Washington.

Many of those who trod the boards in student days have since become well known in professional dramatics either as actors or as authors. Among these are Clyde Fitch, who in 1884 was a sophomore at Amherst and took part in one of the student productions; J. Cheever Goodwin, author of "Wang"; George Riddle, the reader; James K. Hackett; Stanton Elliott, and Owen Wister.

Where college theatricals attempt to be really serious, the results they accomplish do not amount to much. It is a rare thing to find an undergraduate who can play the part of a girl and not create a laugh, however serious his effort may be.

The selection of a manager is always a difficult problem. A new man, usually a senior, is chosen each year, so he is necessarily inexperienced. The disposition is to let all the burdens fall upon him. He must, in addition to the ordinary business details, superintend the selection of the leading characters and the chorus, making invidious distinctions among his friends. He must find a professional coach who has tact and force enough to deal with amateur college actors, without the power to fine or dismiss them. He must

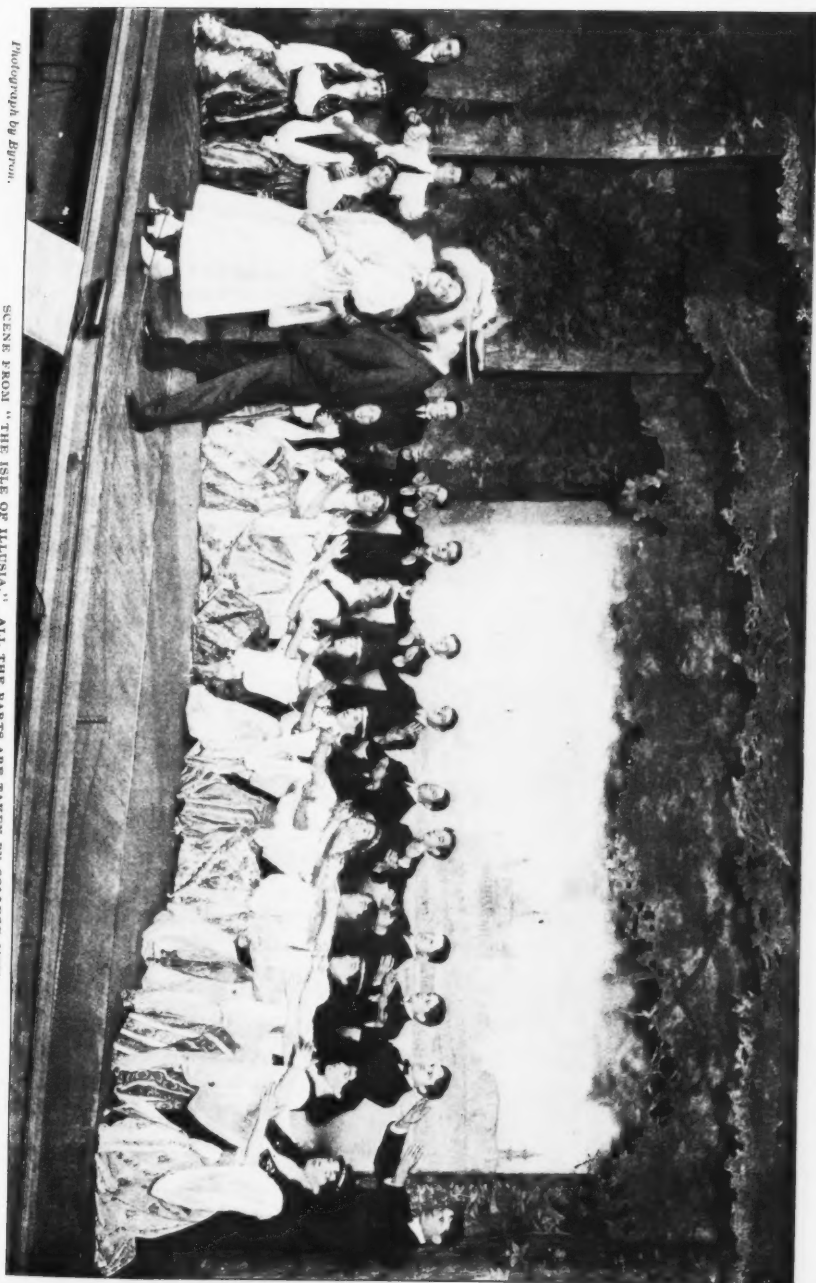
settle all disputes, arrange for credit and plan the entire run of the play. And very often he has the burden of deciding, with the aid of a committee, the merits of the rival plays and music submitted by the student authors and composers.

He has to arrange for the hiring of the theater, and he can rarely secure the dates he wishes. Then the music must be orchestrated, usually by a professional. The manager must attend to the distribution of the patroness' invitations.

A little later come the battles with the author and the composer. The author says it is outrageous that at this date the leading lady should want an extra scene written for her; that this is a consistent show, anyway, and how can the ingénue expect to sing a moon-song lullaby when the scene is at sunrise? The composer wants to know why his music is being butchered; the college orchestra can't play, anyhow, and why doesn't the manager hire professionals? The hero confidentially says that he has a rotten part and he wants to try for the crew, so he guesses he'll



CHARACTER RÔLES IN THE "ISLE OF ILLUSIA" ASSUMED BY COLLEGE BOYS.



Photograph by Elyson.

SCENE FROM "THE ISLE OF ILLUSIA." ALL THE PARTS ARE TAKEN BY COLLEGE MEN.

have to quit the show. Here's where the manager, if he has the gift of diplomacy, uses all he has of it.

As the time for the opening night approaches, so too do the "grafters" arrive. Athletes feel that their reputation on field and stream entitles them to free seats; the staffs of the college publications, the cast, the chorus, the orchestra, the authors, and dozens of others, all say with a virtuous air, "Can you spare me a pass?" Indignant are they when they meet with a refusal, as they must in most cases, for

if all the applicants were favored there would be no room in Carnegie Lyceum for those who are willing to pay.

Then the dress-rehearsal comes. That is a momentous occasion, for it is a question whether the costumes, for which there have been much bargaining and measuring and worry all season, will arrive. Then, there are the wigs, the scenery, the properties, the make-up men, to say nothing of the cast, the chorus, the orchestra, and their instruments, over which latter the manager must keep his watchful eye. The



Photograph by Byron.

MAKE-UP.



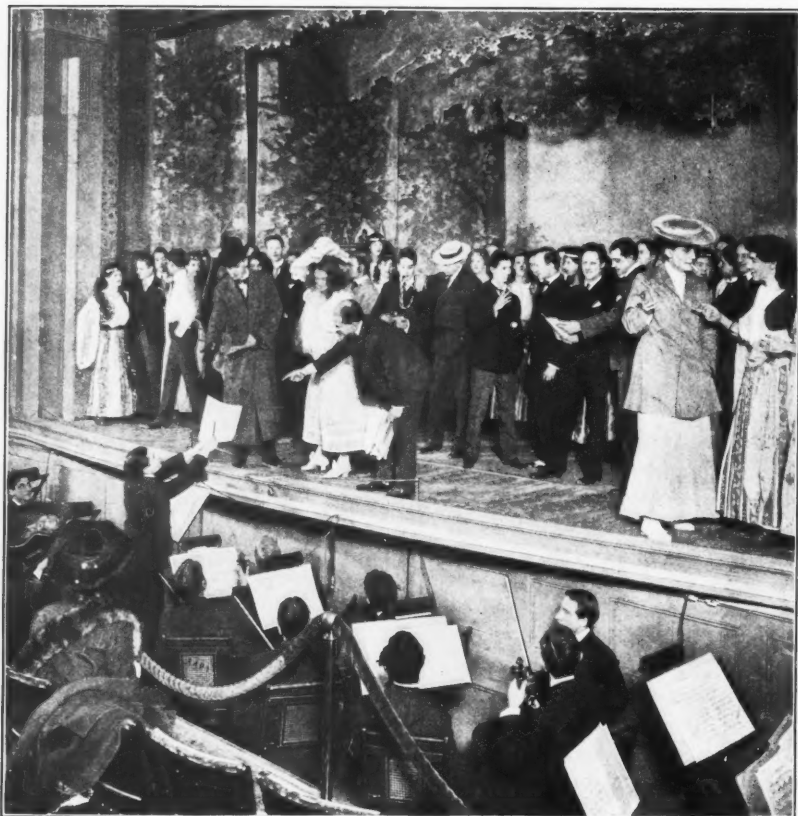
Photograph by Byron.

WAITING FOR THEIR CUE.

dress-rehearsal is amusing in the extreme. Stalwart young men find it difficult to be at ease in high-heeled shoes. Corsets and the accompanying pads are a source of much difficulty, and masculine fingers find trouble in knowing which way to get inside of waists and skirts and where to locate hooks and eyes. The dressing-room, while the men are getting into their costumes and being made up, presents many wonderful sights. Here is a dainty miss, all curves and dimples, puffing happily on a bulldog pipe; there is a monstrosity, half in trousers and half in corsets, and over all is a blue atmosphere such as in variety and picturesqueness could never emanate from a group of "real ladies."

However, most of these crudities seem magically to disappear when the opening night comes. The auditorium is filled with undergraduates, a large number of mothers and sisters and sweethearts, a few outsiders and a handful of tolerant critics

from the newspapers. The curtain goes up, and there is an uproarious laugh as the "girls" stride across the stage, forgetting the admonitions of the coach to take mincing steps. There is another laugh as the dainty misses sing in deep-bass voices. This assumption of femininity by young men is, of course, one of the most amusing features of a college show, and wise is the student author who, realizing this, depends not so much on brilliant acting for his laughs, as on impressing the fact that the girls are men. So the first act wears on. The student composer perspires heartily as he waves his baton over the undergraduate orchestra; the student author hovers in the wings or in the back of the auditorium, wondering why it is that all his pet lines fall flat and the ones he considered bad get a big laugh. There is a burst of applause when the curtain goes down on the first act, no matter whether the show is good or bad, for the audience is always a



Photograph by Byron.

A REHEARSAL WITH THE STUDENT ORCHESTRA.

friendly one. There are congratulations both before and behind the scenes, and then the second act commences. It usually goes better than the first, for the student actors are beginning to get over their nervousness, and some of the "girls" go so far as to flirt with the real girls in the audience. The manager takes a deep breath of relief and goes to the box-office to count up receipts and on their basis figure, as best he can, what will be the financial outcome of the venture.

In this way the show goes on from night to night, with the audiences varying in appreciation so that speculation is always rife as to what kind of house they are going to have that night. By Thursday evening the performance is running in

splendid shape, and the manager, thoroughly happy, is inviting all his friends—for he has to apply to no one but himself for free tickets. Friendships are cemented this week of the show, and that good fellowship characteristic of a congenial group of college men is everywhere in evidence. The last night comes with its interpolated pranks, its touch of sadness, its speeches, and its song of "Alma Mater" at the very end. The manager, the authors and the cast gather, quite sleepy from six sleepless nights, and, forgetting all the work and worry of the long weeks of preparation, join in a general jollification, with a touch of regret that all the histrionic glory is over and all hands must buckle down to college work once more.



**THE DREYFUS
REVISION.**

In striking contrast to the popular excitement which followed every step in the trial of Dreyfus by the court at Rennes, in 1899, is the apathy which attends the present hearing in the revision granted by the criminal branch of the Court of Cassation. A few years ago, the Frenchman who ventured openly to express faith in the innocence of Dreyfus was met with furious wrath. Now the almost certain belief that the former captain will be completely rehabilitated arouses but the faintest interest.

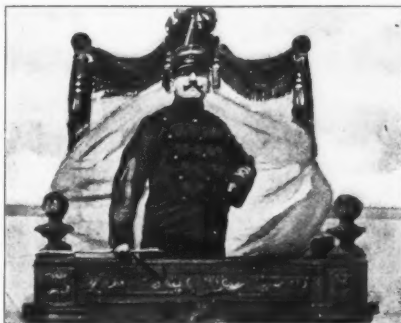
Since 1899, the French have had revelations of official corruption and persecution in the higher ranks of the army which have rudely shattered some former notions they had about the "honor" of all officers. Similar revelations in Germany have tended to create a spreading conviction that justice is more often outraged in military than in civil life. The result has been to bring many of the former enemies of Dreyfus to a belief in his probable innocence.

The theory that Dreyfus was made a scapegoat because he is a Jew never seemed probable. In a country where the national

finances are dominated by the Rothschilds, and where many other Jews are in positions of high favor, there could be little reason for Jewish persecution. On the other hand, the contention of Dreyfus's friends that he was the victim of a conspiracy of officers who found his ideas of right and wrong inconvenient and embarrassing to them has come to be recognized as at least possible.

The present revision of the case, the result of which probably will not be determined for two or three months, is due to the recommendation of the French minister of war, General André, who has given to the case much careful consideration. It is understood that General André reached a

conclusion highly favorable to Dreyfus, and that this fact influenced the minister of justice in referring the question of a revision to the committee which decided in its favor. The French attorney-general, M. Baudouin, also, has declared that the "secret dossier" contains "only mis-



CAPTAIN DREYFUS ON THE STAND.

erable documents whose sole importance was due to the mystery with which they were shrewdly surrounded."

The two principal affirmations of

Dreyfus's counsel, on which the appeal for revision was granted, are that the letter betraying the secrets of the French army (which letter was said to have been found by a French spy, disguised as a ragman, in the waste papers at the German embassy) and signed "D," was originally signed "P," being altered so as to incriminate Dreyfus, and that the letter signed "Alexandrine," giving information regarding the

French railroads, was written on March 25, 1895, when Dreyfus was actually in prison on Devil's Island. This latter letter was in part in the handwriting of Colonel Henry, who committed suicide in prison in Paris after having admitted his forgery, at the command of his superior officers, of certain documents which were introduced at the court-martial of Dreyfus. It was these

two letters which formed the principal evidence against Dreyfus at his second trial, at Rennes.

Dreyfus is now forty-five years of age, and although his career as an army officer is hopelessly ruined, whatever may be the verdict of the present revising tribunal, his friends have the satisfaction of knowing that his record as a soldier, up to the time of his arrest, was brilliant.

Born in Alsace in 1859, he was eleven years old when the Franco-Prussian war began and his home province was invaded by German troops. The Dreyfus family sought refuge in Carpentras, in south-eastern France, and at the close of the war the elder Dreyfus adopted French nationality. Dreyfus was sent to the Chaptal College, in Paris, and after a course there and a subsequent term at the College of

Ste. Barbe, he was admitted to the Polytechnic School of France, and began his studies for a military life.

Dreyfus was twenty-two years old when, two years after entering the Polytechnic, he was admitted to the school for the application of artillery, at Fontainebleau. He graduated from there No. 32 in a class of several hundred, and received an assignment

as second lieutenant of the Thirty-first Regiment of Artillery, then in garrison at Le Mans. In 1883, Dreyfus was classed with the Fourth Battery of Horse (detached) at Paris, and became the object of some jealousy because of the favored appointment. In 1889, he was promoted to a captaincy in the Twenty-first Regiment of Artillery, which was attached to the Central School of Pyrotechnics at Bourges, and a year



DREYFUS, HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN.

later was admitted to the School of War. He left the school in 1892, as No. 9, with the mention, "Very well done," and soon afterward received his appointment on the General Staff of the French Army.

On Saturday, October 13, 1894, Captain Dreyfus received a letter summoning him on the following Monday morning to the office of the minister of war. When he presented himself, he was subjected to the French military form of what is known in police circles in this country as the "third degree." Before mirrors placed in such a way that every movement made by him could be seen by the chiefs of the detective service, Dreyfus was compelled to undergo a relentless questioning, while all the time ignorant of the charges against him. A sinister feature of the case was that all arrangements were made for Dreyfus's incarceration in the prison of Cherche-Midi two days before he was arrested and before he had had any opportunity for explanation or defense.

The subsequent court-martial, the public degradation of Dreyfus in the square of the military school, the solitary confinement on the *Île du Diable*, the return to France, the trial at Rennes, the second conviction and the pardon, are events of common knowledge.

WALTER WILLIS.

* * *

ETHEL BARRYMORE.

One of the successes of the New York theatrical season of last winter was "Cousin Kate." The "star" in the play was Ethel Barrymore, and to how great an extent the star and the play were one is shown in the fact that the entire second act is played by Miss Barrymore and her leading man alone.

Miss Barrymore is of a family of actors. On her mother's side there were four generations of stage-folk behind her, and her father, Maurice Barrymore, is both an actor and a playwright. Her two brothers, Lionel and John, are actors, and John Drew is an uncle.

Though one of the youngest of prominent American actresses, Miss Barrymore has already not only

established herself in an enviable position in her profession, but also taken a prominent place in society. She is noted as a horsewoman, and is skilled in many forms of outdoor games.

Her first stage appearance was in the comedy, "Rosemary," which John Drew had, and in which she took the part of a maid. Then came more ambitious parts in "His Excellency the Governor" and "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines." Her success in "Carrots," in which she gave so true an interpretation of the typical boy nature, was achieved a year ago.

At her home in New York city, Miss Barrymore has collected books and curios which have become quite famous. There is little to suggest the usual collection of a "woman" in these, for Miss Barrymore is noted for her tastes in that line more nearly masculine than feminine. That is to say, it is the odd, interesting and intrinsically valuable which attracts her, rather than simply the quaint and pretty.

Miss Barrymore is not an unqualified admirer of the "starring" system, but favors, and expects, a partial reversion to the multiple-rôle system of a few decades ago.

WINFIELD SHAW.



Copyright, 1902, by Byron.

ETHEL BARRYMORE AT HOME.



VASIL VERESTCHAGIN. When Vasili Verestchagin sank to his death in the swirling waters which engulfed the torpedoed Russian battle-ship "Petro-pavlovsk," the final emphasis was placed on the lesson which he had devoted his lifetime to teaching—the horror and the tragedy of war. Before he went to Port Arthur to be present, as was his custom, at the very forefront of wherever hostilities might be, the work of Verestchagin, his mission to mankind, had been accomplished. His powers with the brush were on the wane. His recent canvases had

shown marked retrogression in his art. It remained for him only to die, a victim of that human warfare against which his every work had been a protest.

Verestchagin would not rank as a great painter if only the technique of his pictures were the measure of their appreciation. In the niceties of the craft of his art he did not excel. But, not being a great painter in the limited application of that term, he was something greater still. His works were human documents, written, it is true, with pigments instead of words, but conveying by that very reason an impression of the subject which they illustrated that no written narrative could have compassed.

Verestchagin was a man of peace. His canvases were devoted almost wholly to the portrayal of episodes of war. But it was war in its true garb—ruthless, hideous, shorn of the false panoply of splendor with which ages of forced sentiment had clothed it. In this respect there was something of similarity between the Russian painter who sought to discourage war by picturing its horrors, and the Swedish manufacturer of dynamite who strove toward the same end by adding to its engines of destruction. M. Nobel closed his life as an inventor and maker of explosives by endowing a commission to work for international peace.

There was much of the reporter, the correspondent, about Verestchagin. His news instinct was as great in his special field as that of De Blowitz was in his. He was always at the center of affairs. He traveled through Turkestan, China and India when those countries were the scenes of tumult or special interest. He served in the Caucasus and in the Russo-Turkish war, being wounded once almost mortally, and was present at the storming of Plevna. He served as a volunteer with the Russian expedition to Samarcand, accompanied the British troops in South Africa in their campaign against the Boers, and took part in the expedition of the Allies in China in 1900. He visited Cuba and the Philippines, and painted battle-scenes from both. When the war between Russia and Japan broke out, he hurried to the front, going direct to Port Arthur as the immediate scene of the early hostilities.

It was the theory of Verestchagin's life

that the artist as well as the author—perhaps even more so—should be the historiographer of his times. It did not follow that none but contemporary occurrences should engage his brush, but that the great events of the era in which he lived, and its manners and customs, were the subjects which properly should command his best efforts he fully believed and consistently pursued.

Verestchagin was born in the Russian province of Novgorod, in 1842. His father, a landed proprietor, sent him to the naval school at St. Petersburg, but the Academy of Design, which adjoined it, had a greater interest for the young man, and most of his spare hours were spent at study there. At the age of seventeen he abandoned the marine corps altogether, and at nineteen won a medal for his picture of "The Massacre of Penelope's Suitors." In 1862, Verestchagin, then twenty years old, went to Paris, where he studied painting under Gérôme. The ideals of Verestchagin and Gérôme were entirely different, and while each admired the talent of the other there was constant friction between the two.

In 1867, came the Russian expedition against the Central Asian khanates, and Verestchagin was invited by General Kaufmann to accompany the Russian force as "art volunteer." Verestchagin's valor during the subsequent siege of Samarcand, when five hundred Russians were attacked by twenty thousand Asiatics, won for him the Russian St. George's cross. The incidents of the defense he afterward illustrated in several striking paintings. These paintings were the first of the long series of notable portraiture of military and kindred events which made him famous.

Verestchagin made several visits to America. In 1887, he showed in this country his terrible pictures of the Indian Mutiny, including the representation of the blowing of rebels from the cannon's mouth by the British troops. This picture also was shown in London, where it created a tremendous sensation. Verestchagin's last visit to the United States was in 1902, when, at the suggestion of President Roosevelt, he went to Cuba to make sketches of the Santiago battle-ground and the scene of the destruction of Cervera's

fleet. Later the president gave sittings to him, the result being the large painting showing Colonel Roosevelt at the head of the Rough Riders in the charge up San Juan hill. This picture and others of the Cuban campaign, and the series depicting Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, were exhibited in New York, the Moscow series being afterward purchased by the Russian government.

The realism of the Russian painter's battle-scenes naturally excited opposition in many high military circles in Europe, where the effect on the common people was feared. It is stated that the czar was more than once urged to order the burning of the entire series. That he did not do so probably was not due to affection for the artist, for one of the most notable of Verestchagin's canvases showed Alexander, at the battle of Plevna, sitting comfortably on a slight rise of ground, where Verestchagin saw him, at a safe distance from the redouts under which eighteen thousand Russians were being mowed down by the merciless Turkish fire.

In still other battle-scenes the pitiful condition of maimed, bleeding and suffering soldiers, lying helpless on the ground, the gruesome heaps of the dead and the smoking ruins of devastated homes have been shown with a master hand, replete with a pathos so tangible that grown men have turned away from the canvas sickened with the spectacle.

WILLIAM R. STEWART.

* * * *

THE MUTUAL ADMIRATION SOCIETY.

"Does your papa keep a bee?" asked a little city girl of her country cousin, when honey was the topic up for discussion.

Let the statement here go unchallenged that a single bee has neither the disposition nor the ability to make honey.

And a man alone is as helpless as a single bee: men succeed only as they work with other men.

Great men come in groups.

Five men, three living at the village of Concord, Massachusetts, and two at Cambridge, fifteen miles away, supplied America with really all of her literature until Indiana suddenly loomed large on the horizon, and assumed the center of the stage like the spirit of the Brocken.

Five men, also, made up the Barbizon school of painting, which has influenced the entire education of the world. And that those who have been influenced and helped most, deny their redeemer with an oath, is a natural phenomenon that psychologists look for and fully understand.

Athens had in the time of Pericles a group of seven thinkers that made the name and fame of the city deathless.

Rome had a similar group in the time of Augustus; then the world went to sleep, and although there were individuals now and then of great talent, their lights went out in darkness, for it takes bulk to make a conflagration.

Florence had her group of thinkers and doers when Michelangelo and Leonardo lived only a few miles apart, but never met; yet each man spurred the other on to do and dare until an impetus was reached that sent the names of both down the centuries.

Boswell gives us a group of a dozen men who made one another possible—often helped by hate and strengthened by scorn.

The Mutual Admiration Society does not thrive in piping times of peace when glowing good will strews violets; often the sessions of this interesting society are stormy and acrimonious, but one thing holds—the man who arises to speak must have something to say.

Strong men matched by destiny set one another a pace. Criticism is full and free. The most interesting and most successful social experiment in America owed its lease of life largely to its scheme of Public Criticism, a plan society at large will adopt when it puts off swaddling-clothes, for Public Criticism is the diversion of gossip into a scientific channel. It is a plan of healthful, hygienic social plumbing.

England produced one group of thinkers that changed the complexion of the entire theological belief of Christendom—Darwin, Spencer, Wallace, Huxley and Mill. But this group built on the French philosophers, who were taught antithetically by the decaying and crumbling aristocracy of France.

Victor Hugo says that when the skulls of Voltaire and Rousseau were taken in a sack from the Panthéon and tumbled into

a common grave, a spark of recognition was emitted that the grave-digger did not see. Voltaire was patronized by Frederick the Great, who protected Kant, with the bulging forehead and independent ways. Kant lived among a group of thinkers he never saw, but reached out and touched finger-tips with them over the miles that his feet never traversed.

To Kant are we indebted for Turgot, that practical and far-seeing man of affairs, best told of in Thomas Watson's "Story of France." Condorcet kept step with Turgot, and Auguste Comte calls Condorcet his spiritual stepfather. To which a wit of the time answered, "Then Turgot is your uncle." And Comte replied, "I am proud of the honor, for if Turgot is

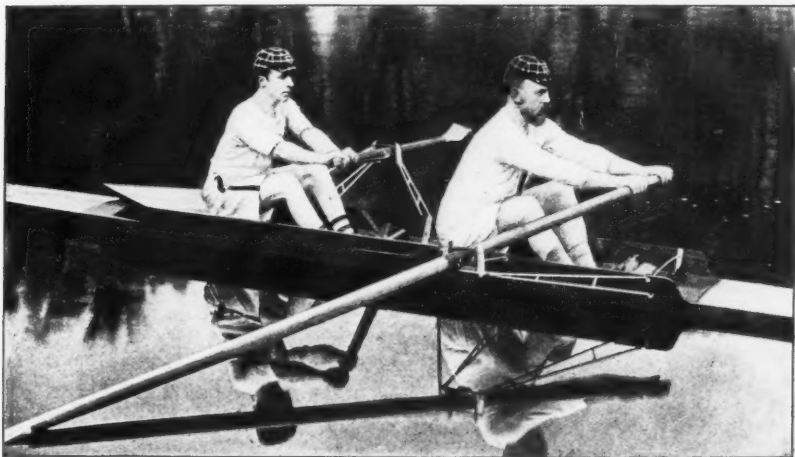
Auguste Comte thought that Napoleon was just as necessary in the social evolution as Rousseau, and that both were needed—and he himself was needed to make the matter plain in print.

ELBERT HUBBARD.

* * * *

AN ATHLETIC
STATESMAN.

Sir Charles Dilke, who is very generally considered to be the foremost authority on British colonial and foreign problems to-day, is, at sixty years of age, a famous athlete. He is an expert fencer and boxer, a noted horseman, pulls a strong oar and plays cricket. He is present at the House of Commons, notwithstanding, when Parliament is in session, from three o'clock in the afternoon until midnight.



SIR CHARLES DILKE AND HIS SON, CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE, ROWING ON THE THAMES.

my uncle, then indeed am I of royal blood."

Auguste Comte is the one bright particular star amid that Milky Way of riotous thinkers which followed close upon the destruction of the French monarchy.

When Napoleon visited the grave of Rousseau, he mused in silence and then said, "Perhaps it might have been as well if he had never lived."

And Marshal Ney, standing by, replied, "It ill becomes Napoleon Bonaparte, of all men, to make a remark like that!"

Napoleon smiled, and answered, "Possibly the world would be as well off if neither of us had ever lived."

The secret of Sir Charles's ability to crowd so much work into a day is that he does everything according to a system. Each hour is marked off in this system almost with the same exactness that the day is divided on the face of a clock. At 7:45 he rises. By 9:30 he has breakfasted, read the papers and dictated his correspondence. At 10:15 he fences, and at 10:30 he rides. Luncheon and work keep him busy until 3, when he goes to the House of Commons and stays there until midnight. Saturday and Sunday afford departures from this routine, for on Saturday he makes it a rule to retire early, and he always goes out of town for Sunday.

Sir Charles has been active in political life in England for thirty-five years, and although the publicity given to a scandal with which his name was associated, in 1884, has so far operated to keep him out of the premiership, he is regarded abroad in many high quarters as being the ablest statesman in Great Britain. He certainly is thought more highly of in France than any other living Englishman, and his standing in German opinion may be estimated from the fact that Count Herbert Bismarck, when he visits London, usually stays at the Dilke home.

The Dilke home—on Sloane Street—is, it may be noted, one of the most interesting private houses in the English capital. Sir Charles is a man of wealth, and he has gathered there exquisite artworks from all over the world. In this he has been assisted by Lady Dilke, his wife, who is herself both an artist and the author of a number of books on art. Lady Dilke was the widow of the Rev. Mark Pattison, rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, who figures in George Eliot's well-known story, "Middlemarch."

The weight given to the opinions of Sir Charles Dilke on foreign affairs was strikingly shown three years ago when an interview with him, in which he was quoted as saying that Newfoundland constituted the most serious menace to the peace of Great Britain and France, was cabled to all parts of the world and published as a statement of the greatest consequence. The recent settlement of the Newfoundland question has been the outcome of negotiations in which he had an important part.

Sir Charles inherited his baronetcy from his father, who was the founder of the London "Daily News," and obtained the title of "Right Honorable" by virtue of his appointment, in 1880, to the English Privy Council as under-secretary of state for foreign affairs. When he first entered the House of Commons, being elected to represent his native borough of Chelsea, at the age of twenty-five, it was noted that he was the youngest man in the British Parliament.

Sir Charles Dilke was educated at Trinity

Hall, Cambridge, and called to the bar at the Middle Temple in 1866. A year later, when twenty-four years old, he made himself famous by a book in which he recorded the observations of a seven months' visit to the United States. In 1888 was published his "Greater Britain," the result of a two years' tour of the world.

In 1871, he began a crusade in England in favor of republicanism and radical political reform, advocating the abolition of royalty and all its appendages. In this program he was supported by Joseph Chamberlain, and both men rapidly forged their way to the front in the Liberal party.

At the end of the Gladstone ministry of 1880, Sir Charles Dilke was regarded as the probable next prime minister, but the Crawford divorce suit, in which he was named as correspondent, ended for a time his political career, although he always protested his innocence. Leaving England on account of the notoriety which the case attained, he traveled extensively in many lands, and in 1890 published his "Problems of Greater Britain." He literally wrote himself back into public favor, for, returning to England, he was again elected to Parliament in 1892, this time for the Forest of Dean division of Gloucestershire, which he has continued to represent ever since.

Besides serving as a member of Parliament, Sir Charles Dilke has been twice president and twice vice-president of the Cambridge Union Society, president of the London local government board, chairman of the royal commission for negotiations with France, 1880-82, and chairman of the royal commission for the housing of the working classes, 1884-85.

In personal appearance, Sir Charles Dilke is tall, courtly and handsome. He admits that he is the extremest radical in the British House of Commons. Having surmounted an obstacle which killed Parnell, he is considered as still a strong possibility for the premiership. In the event of his attaining it, the republican idea in England will receive a marked impetus.

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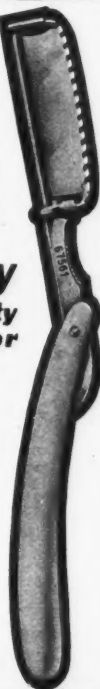
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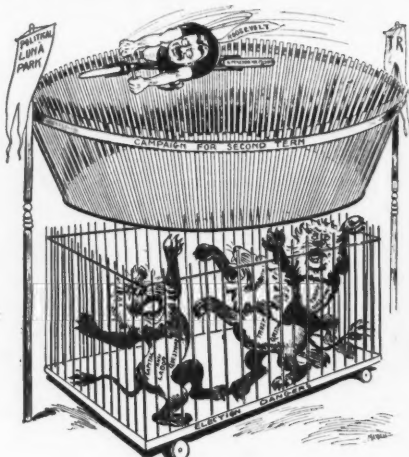
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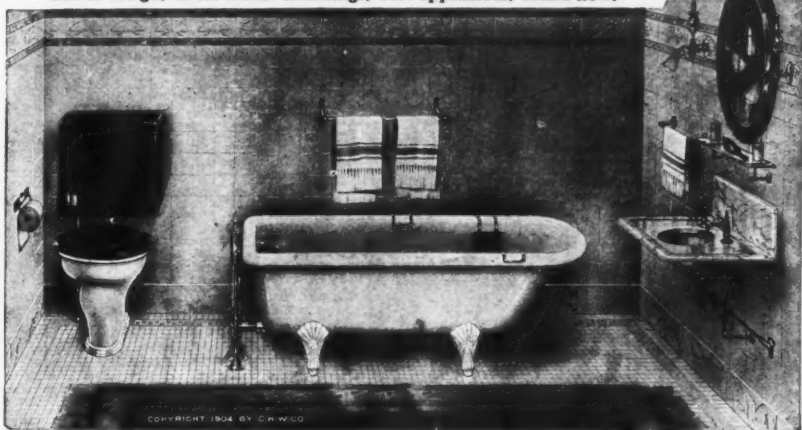
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